

"THE TIME OF HIS LIFE"
Long Complete Story by GRACE S. RICHMOND

The QUIVER

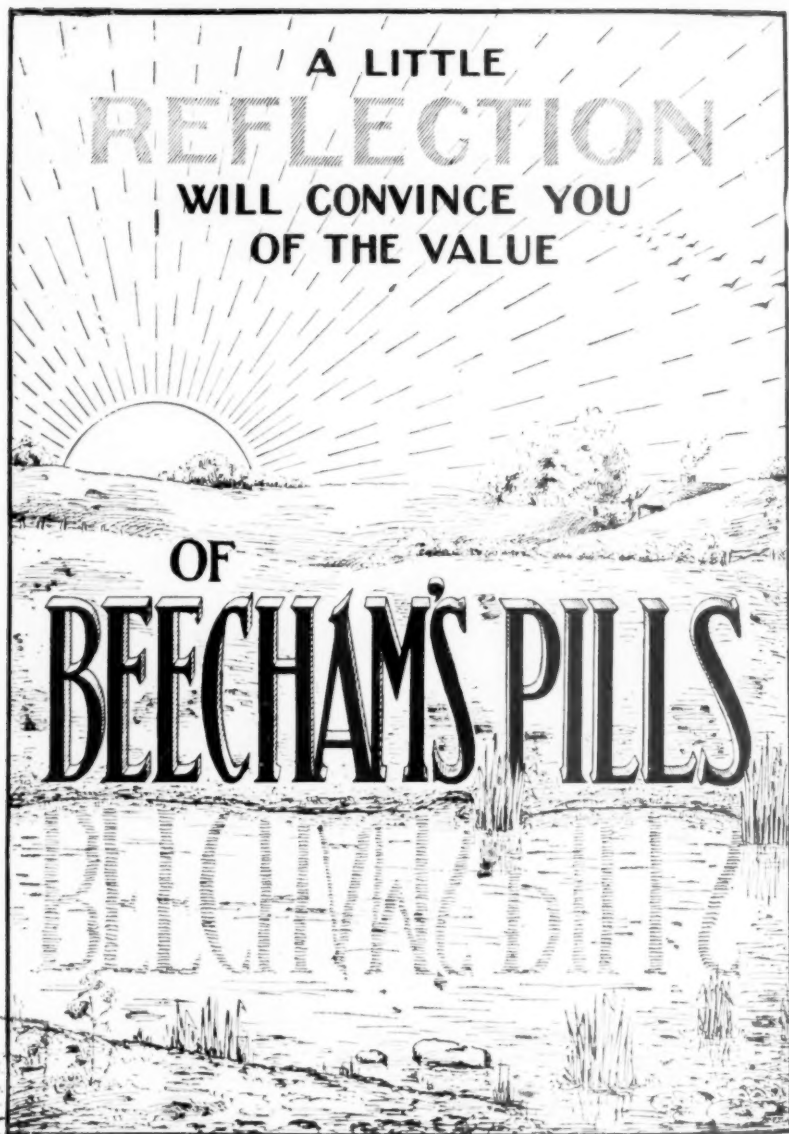
APRIL
1918

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AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO., Ltd., 61, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1.

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For the successful natural treatment of Nervous Dyspepsia, Functional Epilepsy and kindred ailments. Composed entirely of herbs—invigorating, delicious, and absolutely harmless. Recommended by the medical profession. Bottles 5/- each (post paid 5/3). Write or call—"Herbelix" (Dept. 1), 41 Margaret Street, Cavendish Square, London, W.1.

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Foster Clark's

Best Substitute for Meat.

2d Soups



"I MET MAUDE TO-DAY!"

"I met Maude to-day, and she told me that her hair has quite stopped falling out, and that she is getting a lovely new growth of strong, healthy, silken tresses, which makes her feel quite another woman. But I couldn't get her to tell me what she had been using. She said that was her secret. But I've found out."



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DR. WILSON'S Hair Restorer

Price 1/3, 1/1, & 5/-

Postage 5c.

ASK YOUR HAIRDRESSER OR CHEMIST FOR DR. WILSON'S HAIR RESTORER
Or write to FARTON, SON & Co., Ltd., Bell Ring, BIRMINGHAM



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AFTER illness the digestive tract remains weak for a considerable period. Restoration to health is often seriously retarded by failure to take the right food.

The 'Allenburys' DIET is the most successful nourishment for use in convalescence; this palatable and easily prepared milk and wheaten food supplies complete nutriment in a form that is assimilated by the delicate stomach without difficulty or distaste. Digestion is thus strengthened and lost vigour regained.

The Food that Rebuilds.



For Adults

No Cooking or Cow's Milk required. Made with boiling water only.

In tins at 2/- and 4/- each of Chemists.
Allen & Hanburys Ltd., London, E.C.

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WHAT DOES
YOUR BRAIN
EARN ?
for you.



£1000
A YEAR
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£400
A YEAR

HAVE YOU EVER PROPERLY REALISED THE FACT THAT IN YOUR BRAIN YOU POSSESS THE FINEST MONEY-MAKING MACHINE IN THE WORLD ?

There is practically no limit to the income-earning powers of the mind, when it is keyed up to the highest pitch of efficiency of which it is capable.

By training your mind to greater efficiency you can put yourself in the way of earning twice, three times, four times the amount you make at present.

In every profession, business, and occupation, there is a demand for men and women with scientifically trained minds.

Over 250,000 men and women have already been trained to greater efficiency by the famous Pelman System, which develops just those qualities of Concentration, Memory, Initiative, Ideation, Self-Confidence and Administrative Power which are in the greatest demand to-day.

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It tells you all about the successful Pelman System, and shows you how to increase the money-making powers of your mind. Send a post card or letter to-day to

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BANISH HAIR POVERTY

Test Free the Effect of Harlene "Hair-Drill" in Promoting Hair Health and Beauty.

1,000,000 COMPLETE TRIAL OUTFITS FREE TO-DAY

EVERY woman looks into the mirror, and there is every reason why she should, for Nature has given to woman the gift of beauty, and there are none who have received more of Nature's bounty than the "English Rose."

Healthy, radiant, abundant hair makes all the difference to woman's appearance (and man's, too, for that matter), and now you have the opportunity to try the "Harlene Hair-Drill" method of securing and maintaining hair health and beauty free.

So necessary is it to-day that men should preserve a fresh and smart appearance, and that women should look to their appearance, in which the hair forms so conspicuous a part, that the Inventor-Discoverer of "Harlene Hair-Drill" wishes it to be publicly known that he is prepared to despatch to any reader a seven days' "Harlene Hair-Drill" outfit entirely free of charge.

TRY "HARLENE" FREE.

Two-minutes-a-day "Harlene Hair-Drill" will quickly restore your hair to its best. If you are troubled with **Scurf or Dandruff, Over-greyness of the Scalp, Thin or Brittle Hair, Splitting or Falling Hair**, you should obtain at once a Free Trial Outfit. All you have to do is to cut out and post the Free "Gift Outfit" Coupon below, which is published here for your convenience.

The Gift Parcel contains:

1. A bottle of "Harlene," the true liquid food and Tonic for the hair, which stimulates it to new growth.
2. A packet of the marvellous hair and scalp cleansing "Cremex" Shampoo, which prepares the head for "Hair-Drill."
3. A bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which gives a final touch of beauty to the hair, and is especially beneficial to those whose scalp is inclined to be "dry."
4. The new "Hair-Drill" Manual, giving complete instructions.

You will be pleasantly surprised the first time you practise "Harlene Hair-Drill" (it occupies only two minutes a day), for it is a most delightfully refreshing toilet exercise.

It imparts new life to the hair, giving tone and nourishment to weak, impoverished, straggly hair; at the same time it is especially beneficial in maintaining well-conditioned hair in all its pristine freshness and beauty.

LETTERS OF PRAISE FROM ALL

Thousands of letters in terms of unqualified approval have been received by the proprietors of "Harlene."

Famous Actresses, Cinema Queens, and especially women workers in the munition establishments, in factories and offices, who have been worried over the condition of their hair—all have been particularly pleased with the wonderful results obtained from the practice of "Hair-Drill."

"HARLENE" FOR MEN ALSO

Men, too, find "Harlene" prevents Scalp Irritation, Dandruff, and a tendency to Baldness. It is no exaggeration to say that millions of men and women in all walks of life practise refreshing and beneficial "Hair-Drill" daily, and so preserve hair health and beauty.

You will always be able to obtain future supplies of "Harlene" from your local chemist at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 8d., and 4s. 9d. per bottle (a solidified form for Soldiers, Sailors, Travellers, etc., in tins at 2s. 9d., with full directions as to use). "Uzon" Brilliantine costs 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per bottle, and "Cremex" Shampoo Powders 1s. 1½d. per box of seven (single packets 2d. each).

Any or all of the preparations will be sent post free on receipt of price direct from Edwards' Harlene, Limited, 20, 22, 24, and 26 Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1. Carriage extra on foreign orders. Cheques and P.O.s should be crossed.



Does your hair fall out when you brush and comb it? Is it brittle, dry, over-greasy, weak, or lacking in lustre? These are hair-health defects which can be so easily and effectively overcome by "Harlene Hair-Drill." Try it to-day Free (see coupon below).

A short course of "Harlene Hair-Drill" will make a veritable difference in your personal appearance. It strengthens the hair, improves its growth, removes scurf, dandruff, and greyness, and is a remarkable aid to hairdressing.

HARLENE 'HAIR-DRILL' GIFT OUTFIT COUPON

Detach and post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, Ltd., 20, 22, 24, & 26 Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.

Dear Sirs—Please send me your Free "Harlene" Four-Fold Hair-Growing Outfit as described above. Enclose 4d. in stamps for postage and packing of parcel.

NOTE TO READER.

Write your full name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this Coupon to it, and post as directed above. (Mark envelope—"Sample Dept.") QUIVER, April, 1918.

PUBLIC APPROVE HOME ELECTRICAL TREATMENT

**Remarkable Records
Now Available**

Electricity is the soul of life. There is nothing so fine as to feel a gentle stimulating electrological current floating through every fibre of the body, re-awakening lost nervous power, and stimulating functional activities to their proper action.

By adopting a simple, inexpensive Home Electrical Treatment you can regain all that former will power, that splendid vitality and strength, that freedom from digestive or functional disorders which have crippled your life so far. No more poisonous, irritating drugs, but simply the replenishing of every nerve cell with the vital force it is asking for. No matter how weak, how debilitated, or nerve-exhausted you may be, electrological treatment will give you health and strength.

NATURE'S OWN RESTORATIVE

With no interference with your daily routine, just wearing a simple appliance that in no way interferes with your business or pleasure, your whole body will be flooded with natural vitality. You are cured while you rest. Gently but with certainty, Nature's own restorative—electrical energy—floods your system, and where weakness once held sway strength will prevail.

The secret of all health is nervous force, and nervous force is natural electricity. If you suffer from the agonies of Rheumatism, are tortured with Lumbago, if you are a martyr to Dyspepsia, or troubled with Insomnia or Neuralgia, health is yours for the asking.

VALUABLE HEALTH GUIDE FREE

If you are debilitated, run down, nerve-exhausted, dyspeptic, or blood-weak, here in this little book you will find the secret of your restoration to health. You are asked to send for it, free of cost. It will tell you all about the wonderful Pulvermacher Electrological Treatment, which inexpensively and in your own home will give you amazing strength and vitality. It conveys a wonderful message to both men and women, and will be read with absorbing interest.

*For your convenience the Coupon below
may be filled in and posted.*

You are cordially invited to call on the Head Superintendent at 17 Vulcan House, 50 Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4, for free consultation; and at the same time examine these wonderful appliances without obligation.

If you cannot call, write for the Free Book, which describes the simplicity of the Electrological Treatment, which cures naturally, inexpensively, and in the privacy of your own home.

—FREE COUPON—

"GUIDE TO HEALTH AND STRENGTH."

To the Superintendent,
Pulvermacher Electrological Institute, Ltd.,
17 Vulcan House, 50 Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4.

Dear Sir,—Please send me your free "Guide to Health and Strength," also particulars of the Pulvermacher Electrological appliances.

Name.....

Address.....

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A Guide to Success in Journalism & Story Writing

**By the most successful editors
and journalists of to-day.**

64 pages of valuable information and advice for those who wish to make money by writing stories, articles, verses, etc., for the magazines and daily and weekly papers.

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and many other important contributions as well as particulars of nearly 200 periodicals which are open to contributions from beginners.

The book also contains a full description of the Courses of Instruction in Journalism, Short Story Writing, and Verse Writing which are conducted by post by the famous London Correspondence College—founded in 1909 by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., one of the most brilliant journalists of modern times.

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Send a postcard for this unique book to-day; it will tell you just what you want to know about your chances of success in the journalistic world—how to get a footing in the circle of those who earn many spare-time guineas weekly by writing stories and articles. The book will cost you nothing; but it can help you enormously on the road to success. All applications for a Free Copy should be addressed to—

LONDON CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE
14 Albion House, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1

STORIES FOR THE CHILDREN.

A leaf from Bob's diary.

Edited by UNCLE REUBEN.



2 A.M. Arrived home from a supper party; very cold and frosty; garden gate locked; couldn't get in; had to bark about ten minutes before Master came and let me in and chained me up.

8 A.M. Breakfast. Bloaters smelt nice, but I got nothing but the whip; howled more than I need have done and fell asleep.

1 P.M. Let in to lunch; it smelt nice, but I got none. Master read me a long letter from Captain Crackbone, about the cruelty of locking dogs out on cold nights till 2 a.m., to wake the neighbours, and then beating the poor animals savagely before breakfast. Captain Crackbone said he was sending a R.S.P.C.A. man to enquire about it without delay.

3.30 P.M. Out to tea with the mistress. It smelt nice, but I got none. Old maid sang "Only one more, love." I joined in the chorus. Piano out of tune; Mistress said my voice was, and told me to go home; I went.

4.30 P.M. Met my long-lost friend Toby at the back of a Punch and Judy show. Something wrong with Toby; stiff frill grown out all round his neck. Toby called in; saw him later on sitting on a shelf and beating a man with a stick. Something very wrong with Toby. Punch put a pipe in Toby's mouth and he wasn't sick; Master's pipe always makes me sick. Toby must be mad; shall cut Toby next time we meet.

7 P.M. Supper time; very hungry; have been living all day, as it were, upon smelling; got a big plate of pea soup for supper. Scrumptious!



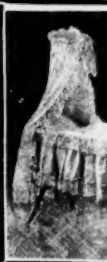
8 P.M. Bed time. Good night.

* * *
Editor's Note.—This was Plaistowe's "FULCREEM" Pea Soup. We quite agree with Bobs; it's "scrumptious."

It is also very sustaining and quite inexpensive, if made according to Plaistowe's Recipe with "FULCREEM" Pea Flour. This is certainly one of the best War Foods we can buy.

PLAISTOWE & CO., Ltd.

THE PATENT Treasure Cot



THE PERFECT NEST FOR BABY
COSY—HYGIENIC—PORTABLE

No hard substances or draughts to mar baby's comfort. Easily washable. No parts to rust.

Packs small (weight 6 lbs.). Supplied with either Net or Canvas Support. Catalogue of Cots, Draperies, etc., sent free.

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No. 3. Special Design . . . 25 9

Cots sent free on 3 days' approval. The "Treasure Cot" and our other Specialities for the Nursery are British inventions and British-made.

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(Opposite Victoria Station)

Dri-ped cuts out the worry.

The more leather-prices advance the more Dri-ped Leather saves. The more it rains, the more you will congratulate yourself if you wear Dri-ped Soles.



Dri-ped, the Super-Leather for Soles, gives at least Double Wear; is light, flexible, and absolutely waterproof. War needs restrict Dri-ped supplies for civilian wear, though a limited quantity is available. Soldiers and Sailors can always obtain Dri-ped from Repairers possessing Government Permits.



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CURES ALL SKIN TROUBLES

Sample free from
M. SMITH & CO., Manufacturing Chemists, Kidderminster.
Bottle 1/3 and 3/6 from Chemists and Stores.



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PROMOTES CURLY HAIR. Have you ever thought how much a head of Curly Hair would improve your appearance? "Wavcurl" imparts beautiful permanent curls. One packet sufficient, however latent your hair is. One testimonial says: "My hair now wears a mass of curly curls." For either Ladies or Gentlemen or Children. This is what you have been looking for for years. Guaranteed harmless. Price 1/3 per packet, post free. For a short time, however, we are selling our special offer to all enclosing this advert. Send 1/6 for a 2/6 packet. (Two for 2/6.) THE NEW WAVCURL CO., Fulwood House, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.



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Have you a red or bloated nose? or have you a red, blotched, pimply, or muddy complexion? If so, let me help you. Send stamped addressed envelope (abroad 3d. stamps) for Free particulars of simple home cure. Please mention The Quiver.

J. S. DEAN, Ltd., 12 All Saints Road, St. Annes-on-Sea.

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must wear "healthy" Corsets, and the "Natural Ease" Corset is the most healthy of all. Every wearer says so. While moulding the figure to the most delicate lines of feminine grace, they vastly improve the health.

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OF
HEALTH



The Natural
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Style 2.

7/11 pair

Postage abroad extra.

Complete with
Special Detachable
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Stocked in
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Made in finest
quality Drill.

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- It can be easily washed at home, having nothing to rust or tarnish.

Wear the "NATURAL EASE" Corset and free yourself from Indigestion, Constipation, and scores of other ailments so distressful to Women.

These Corsets are specially recommended for ladies who enjoy cycling, tennis, dancing, golf, etc., as there is nothing to hurt or break. Singers, Actresses, and Invalids will find wonderful assistance, as they enable them to breathe with perfect freedom. All women, especially housewives, and those employed in occupations demanding constant movement, appreciate the "Natural Ease" Corsets. They yield freely to every movement of the body, and whilst giving beauty of figure are the most comfortable Corsets ever worn.

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No goods sent without cash, but money willingly refunded if dissatisfied.
Make your Postal Order payable to

HEALTH SUPPLIES STORES, Room 99,
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THE WONDERFUL HUMAN MACHINE

If you had a real fine watch, and some part of its mechanism broke, would you try to mend it by filling it with oil? No; you would take it to the best watchmaker you know, and have him find the cause of the trouble, and repair it.



Your body is a far more delicate mechanism than any watch. It is the most complicated machine on earth, yet when some vital part breaks down or fails to work properly you try to make it go by dosing yourself with poisonous drugs.

Your heart, stomach, liver, and kidneys are run by a power called nerve force. Nerve force is just another name for electricity. When any of these organs break down or get out of order, sickness or disease results. Now, you can't cure the trouble until you remove the cause—repair the part that is broken. The only way to do this is to give Nature the power to do it. All you need is motive power—electricity. You can't get that from drugs. Our Method is to restore this electricity, and pain and disease will disappear. That's Nature's way of curing.

We have harnessed a powerful but soothing current of electricity into a body appliance made of dry-cell batteries. It gives strength, vim, new vitality to your nerves, stomach, or any other part that may be weak. This battery is not an electric belt—it does not shock. It cures every evidence of weakness in men and women.

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CHEST,
THROAT,
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Assured income under £1,000.

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33,000 Out-Patients annually.

87,000 Attendances.

No funds in hand.

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The Famous
Metal
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1/-
Tubes.

Chemically
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Your Razor.

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DULL
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Master his hair

with a little Anzora Cream. It will keep the most refractory hair in place, yet—containing no oil or grease—will not soil cap linings or pillows. Anzora Cream and Anzora Viola (for dry scalps) are sold in 1/6 and 2/6 (double quantity) bottles.

ANZORA

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NOTHING.—This is what the blusher feels like at school, at home, at business. The blusher is a failure.

NOTHING.—Nothing shows lack of self-confidence like blushing. Blush and no one trusts you.

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The Girl's 'Girton Brogue'

A sweet-looking, stylish make of Scotch Brogue; uppers of our black or rich-brown calfskin.

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There are models for children of every age—sensible in shape; smart in appearance; of fine workmanship; well-finished inside, making them as comfortable as can be: shoes able to stand long, hard wear splendidly because they're made of the finest materials by craftsmen who put strength in every stitch.

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Shoes sold always with guarantee of money back if not satisfied.



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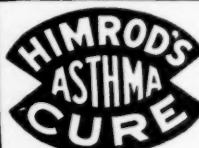
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See page xvi



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The Editor's Announcement Page

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See page 524.

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"The Soul of Susan Yellam"

First and foremost, next month we are to have the long opening instalment of a new serial story by Horace Annesley Vachell, entitled "The Soul of Susan Yellam." Full particulars on page 523.

"A Sunnier Earth for Children."

by

Lord Rhondda

Lord Rhondda is the man of the hour. Our much harassed Food Controller has found time to set out his "plans for saving child life" for the information of THE QUIVER readers, and everyone will be interested in his contribution to the May number, entitled "A Sunnier Earth for Children."

Mary Roberts Rinehart

The Long Complete Story for May will be written by Mary Roberts Rinehart. It is a queer but beautiful and stirring story of hospital life, called "The Dummy."

John Oxenham

I am glad to be able to announce that Mr. John Oxenham has written a special article of comfort and help for my next number. "Be Ye of Good Cheer" is the title.

Our Motto Competition

Mottoes should be sent in at once
See page 524.

The Editor

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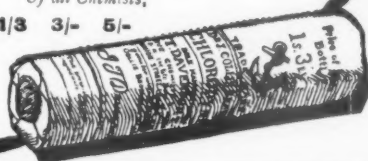
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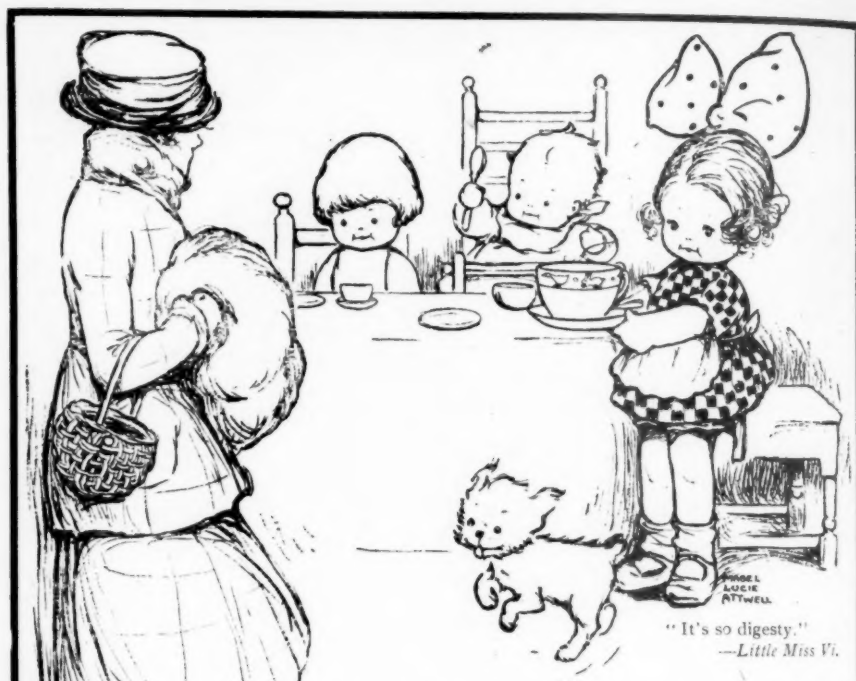
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The Call of Youth

A Love Story which proves that Youth
will be Served—and a Generous
Helping at that

By

HASTINGS HATHWAY

ESTHER LEE was in love; but she was also rich—and therefore she wished she were dead! At least, such was the refrain of the indictment she flung at her mother, who folded her smooth, plump hands and gazed mutely out of the window, as one who feels the futility of endeavouring to reason with the young and unreasonable.

Mary Lee, a widow, was the richest woman in Maunstead, and Esther was an heiress.

Just now she stood with her hands on the door-handle, regarding her mother with lovely if unfriendly eyes.

"Lock me up," she defied, the full notes of her sweet young voice deepening to a tragic emphasis. "Lock me up, and I'll—elope!"

The face which Mary Lee turned towards her daughter was both tranquil and comely. She had, as the Maunstead society would remark, kept her looks.

"And what would you live on then," she asked, "you and Joe Spence?"

In her slurring of the name there was a maddening suspicion of a sneer.

"Not—not on your money!" flared Esther.

Mary Lee smiled fleetingly, as if her reply to that was too obvious. Perhaps it was. Esther flung the door open.

"Esther—the cake!" cried her mother, hastily.



"She leaned forward impulsively. 'Don't give up courage, Joe'"—p. 475.

Drawn
by
F. B. Hickling.

Esther paused.

"The cake!" she mimicked with the infinite scorn of eighteen. "What do I care about a cake? If the cake should fall, I suppose that would break your heart; but if I break my heart——"

"Hearts don't break at eighteen."

"Don't they?" demanded Esther with a quick return to anger. "A lot you know about it!"

And then the door did slam!

Mary Lee sprang to the oven. The cake had survived, miraculously. Reassured, she closed the oven door carefully and resumed her place by the window.

Outside, a brilliant late April sun was lavishing itself upon a landscape it had recently chastened with showers. In the yard a cherry tree lifted its ravaged blossoms a little furtively, like a chastened child drying its eyes. Beyond, the chickens were making haste while the sun shone. All this was visible to Mary Lee, but she saw it only with the subconscious eye. The richest

THE QUIVER

woman in Manstead was reflecting upon the vanities of life.

Esther was pretty—as pretty as she herself had been at eighteen. And Esther had had advantages; she had gone away to school. Neighbours had prophesied she would come back “highfalutin.” Instead, she had come back and fallen in love with Joe Spence, a clerk in the grocery stores!

Joe had wavy hair and a straight nose. He received two pounds a week, and he had an invalid mother.

Esther had been reasoned with, cajoled and threatened, all to no other end than that her red lips set stubbornly and her blue eyes smouldered darkly. Externally she was only a bit of pink-and-white allure, but the reddish tinge to her shining light hair came to her from her mother, whose hair was as red and whose tongue was as quick as when she had been high-spirited eighteen too.

The things they said to each other were deplorable. Mary Lee finally took refuge in the knowledge that the economic factors favoured her opposition. Joe Spence could not support an invalid mother and a wife on two pounds a week.

“A lot *you* know about it,” Esther had flung at her.

Mary Lee smiled sardonically—as if she had never been eighteen, with the emotions and illusions of eighteen! She gazed at the white muslin curtains, ruffled by a freshening breeze that was warm and sweet with the fragrance of cherry blossoms. Again a vagrant memory stirred her, and again she rose to quell it.

David March! Well, David March had been another such as Joe Spence—tall, silent and reserved. He too had had dreams, as she knew; there had been a time when he was surprisingly vocal. The dreams he had had! And what had become of him and his dreams? If she had followed the urgings of her heart, if she had been as foolish at eighteen as Esther—

An acrid aroma mingled with the scented breeze. She sprang to the oven and opened the door with careful haste. Drawing the cake forth, she surveyed it with annoyance.

“Day-dreams!” she thought. “*That’s* what they lead to!”



A familiar vista, framed by elm foliage,

gave Esther a glimpse of the clock in the white spire of the Baptist church. Two minutes before twelve! She hastened her pace until she reached the corner, where an ancient wagon-shed infringed upon the walk.

Footsteps were audible, and she paused and poised herself for a surprise attack.

“Boo!” she cried, springing forward.

It was not Joe, but a stranger—a tall, lean man, whose brown face seemed dyed rather than tanned. He stood and gaped at her. Her expression changed from mischief to dismay.

“Oh, please excuse me,” she begged.

The stranger turned and gazed after her.

“Great Scott!” he murmured. “She did give me a start!”

Esther had already spied Joe Spence. She almost ran to him.

“You’re late,” she accused breathlessly as her fingers touched his in a shy and elusive caress.

“I’ve been talking to Jones again,” explained Joe, his eyes sombre.

“What did he say?”

“Same old thing.”

They walked along in silence towards Joe’s home.

“Two pounds a week is all he can afford to pay me now,” admitted Joe after one of his characteristic silences. “I don’t blame him for that. What makes me sore is that he won’t see a chance to make more money for himself so that he *could* afford to.”

Esther nodded. She knew all about Joe’s ambitions.

“I’d made up my mind last time I wouldn’t bring it up again,” commented Joe. “It’s no use. But there was a traveller in this morning, and I got talking with him. I told him about that big hotel at Fendon, and how they order most of their stuff from the city because old Jones won’t stock up what they want.

“He—the traveller, I mean—said that Jones could double his business. There’s a pile of things that Manstead people buy from the Stores that he could sell as cheap. And there’d be no delay.”

“I’d—I’d like to shake old Jones,” said Esther, clicking her small white teeth.

“This traveller said that a boy who leaves a place like this to go to the city is a fool. He said he’d guarantee that if I could gather up a few hundred capital and start a place of my own, his firm would

THE CALL OF YOUTH

back me with a good stock. But of course "—Joe's voice dropped—" I'd need some capital."

Esther's hand pressed his feelingly.

"If mother would only listen to sense!" she exclaimed. "But she's like so many old people—just set!"

Joe's face stiffened.

"I couldn't take any of your mother's money."

"Well, I could. I'd just take it, if I got a chance. So there!"

Esther threw herself down under an elm on the bank of the river. Joe sat down beside her and took off his hat. His hair was chestnut, and Esther's eyes softened as he brushed it back. She leaned forward impulsively.

"Don't give up courage, Joe."

Joe glanced down at her, and his eyes were tender. But his mouth was set hard as he said:

"I'm not going to give up. But it's hard to go ahead blind. If I was only sure something would turn up—"

"Oh! things always turn up," declared Esther, the unquenchable optimism of youth shining in her eyes.

"I hope so. Anyhow, I've finished talking to old Jones."

The silence was unbroken for several moments, save for the drone of a circling bee. Then Joe drew a deep breath. He was young; the river shone in the sunlight, and the smell of spring was in the air. He reached for her hand.

"As long as I've got you," he declared, "I don't care what comes."

After that the conversation became—well, privileged. Esther's face was glowing as she waved to him in farewell and started for home. But not even an afterglow was

left when she arrived there. She ate her lunch in silence. Of the lean, bronzed stranger she made no mention. He was, however, the topic in other Manstead homes that afternoon.



"David March is back," grunted the grey, untidy Robert Jones between mouthfuls of steaming soup.

"David March!" echoed his wan-eyed wife.

"Came in on the ten-fifty-seven. Been up north. Come back to settle down, he



"'Lock me up,' she defied, her sweet young voice deepening to a tragic emphasis, and I'll—elope!' "—p. 473.

says. . . . What's next on the programme?"

Mrs. Jones rose and took an apple pie from the oven.

"I wonder," she commented, "what Mary Lee will do."

In reality her wonder was much broader, covering a number of interesting contingencies. The same wonder was being expressed in various ways all through Manstead. Inevitably the news of David March's return was not long kept from

THE QUIVER

Mary Lee. She heard it that very afternoon.

"Really!" she exclaimed with a serene smile. "I've always wondered what became of him. Oh, Mrs. Mayberry! That recipe you asked about—if you'd like it, I'll get it now."

And that was all. Later Mrs. Mayberry related the conversation to a group of friends.

"Mary Lee's the most maddening woman I know of," she finished.

There was a murmur of assent, followed by the opinion, submitted by one of Mrs. Mayberry's audience, that Mary Lee had never cared anything about David March.

"She just encouraged him so as to egg Henry Lee on," explained the speaker.

"They say he's made a fortune in the iron business," declared Mrs. Mayberry. "Twould serve Mary Lee right if he cut her dead."

The same possibility, if not the same wish, had occurred to Mary Lee. After the departure of her would-be inquisitor, she gazed out across the fields. The light breeze flirted with a stray lock of hair, and she absently tucked it in.

"Of course he won't call," she concluded, and turned to her work.

Nevertheless she experimented with her hair, fluffing it out, during the afternoon. And at dinner she wore a dress usually reserved for special occasions. She feared Esther's quick eyes and quicker tongue, but Esther proved self-absorbed.

The dishes had scarcely been cleared away when David March came. He entered awkwardly and self-consciously, and the first thought of Mary Lee was that he had changed but little. Esther recognised him at once and blushed. Her confusion was contagious, apparently, for he suffered from it. He answered Mary Lee's questions mechanically.

"Yes, it has been a long time. . . . No, Manstead isn't much changed. . . . Er—I beg your pardon?"

Mary Lee's mouth straightened. She saw that Esther's presence made him constrained, and she wished Esther would go. But it was not until the church-bells began to ring for Thursday night service that Esther sprang to her feet and, dimpling prettily, excused herself.

David March took a deep breath and turned to Mary Lee.

"She's pretty, isn't she?"

Esther's mother nodded.

"She—I thought she was you for a moment to-day," he began naively. "I can remember when you were young and pretty like her."

Esther's mother would have been quick to disclaim any illusion that she was as young and as pretty as she had once been. She was equally quick to resent anybody else intimating the opposite.

"Really!" she said, in a tone that made him squirm. After that he spoke mostly in monosyllables.

When he had finally departed, after a stammered "good night" and a hurried step down the front path that suggested panic, she went to the kitchen and shook down the fire with a vigour that made the whole place rattle. Then she took the candle and went to her room. She undressed slowly.

"Well," she reflected, as she blew out the light, "I reckon he won't come here again!"

Nor did he, for a whole fortnight. And at that time Esther was present all through his visit. She asked David questions about the north, and hung on his halting words and clapped her hands and smiled, while Mary Lee relapsed into frigid silence. An old bachelor, she told herself, might be expected to let a young girl make a fool of him!

Not that she cared! She proved it by leaving Esther and David alone, the next time, he called, excusing herself on the plea of work yet to be done. She went to the kitchen, where she moved aimlessly about for a minute on tiptoe and then sat down, her hands in her lap. From above came Esther's excited comments and her quick, infectious laugh.

It was a week before he came again. When Mary Lee opened the door in response to his hesitating knock, he asked, half stammeringly, if Esther was at home.

"No," Mary answered, and spurred by unworthy impulse, she slammed the door. Afterwards she rocked vigorously for fifteen minutes. Later, before going to bed, she studied her face in the mirror. She was, she decided, no longer young and pretty. Afterwards she lay awake for some time. She hated David March!

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The very next afternoon Mrs. Mayberry arrived on one of her guerrilla incursions.

"Suppose you've heard that Joe Spence threw up his position and went to the city?"

Mary Lee had heard nothing of the kind, but she was too wise to admit it. So she simply nodded and smiled.

"I don't know what his mother will do," observed Mrs. Mayberry; she might have added that this was not her fault, seeing she had previously called upon Mrs. Spence and done her best to find out.

Mary Lee maintained a smiling silence.

"I passed Esther and David March just now," added Mrs. Mayberry. "Would be quite romantic if he should take up with Esther, wouldn't it?"

It was a chance shot, inspired partly by malice and partly by the hope of taking her adversary by surprise.

"Very," acknowledged the latter. But there was that in her tone which caused Mrs. Mayberry to rise hastily.

She departed, having secured no information, but having given much. For after that Mary Lee knew why the Ladies' Aid and the Tuesday Sewing Circle suddenly hushed and looked self-conscious when she arrived at the meetings.

Esther said nothing about Joe Spence, and her mother was too proud to evince any curiosity. Esther, she decided, was quite heartless. Even *she*—and this time Mary Lee referred to herself—had not sung at her work after she had decided to marry Henry Lee.

David March no longer came to the Lee home, but that Esther saw him elsewhere her mother was certain. But she did not



"'You're a dear,' continued Esther,
'and I just love you!'"—p. 478.

Drawn by
P. B. Wickling.

speak, as she had about Joe Spence! She did not analyse the instinct which kept her silent. She only knew she felt old and lonely and tired.

One hot evening—it was May now—she left the front door unlocked so that Esther might come in, and went slowly up to bed.

The night breeze was faint-hearted and warm. The sheets, cool when she first slipped her aching body between them, became insufferably hot and sticky. She arose and went to the window, kneeling down with her chin resting on her arms.

Eavesdropping was not her intention, but her ears quickened instinctively to Esther's light, free laugh and to her light, free footfall. There was somebody with her, but

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the shadowy foliage prevented Mary from seeing who it was.

"Mother must have gone to bed—there's only a light in the front hall," came Esther's vigorous young voice.

She and her companion had paused at the gate. Mary Lee could catch a glimpse of them.

"You're a dear," continued Esther, "and I just love you! And if mother doesn't give her consent this time, I'll—I'll elope. So there!"

For a moment Mary Lee thought Joe Spence had returned. But the reply was in a rumbling bass which, while indistinct, was unmistakable. Esther's companion was David March—and she was kissing him!

Mary Lee crept back to bed. She heard the front door close softly. Her straining ears followed Esther's progress through the house to the kitchen. She heard the running water, and a glass clink as it was set down. After that, Esther came upstairs, quickly and softly, with the abundant buoyancy of youth.

Mary strove to call to her, but something strangled her voice; she had been so long alienated from her daughter that the words would not come. She knew the moment Esther blew out the light and hopped into bed. The only thing that broke the silence after that was the soft noises of the night. But Mary Lee lay wide-eyed, thinking things over.

Never had she really believed that Esther would consider forsaking Joe Spence to marry David March. Even to her, who had forsaken David March that she might marry Henry Lee, it seemed inconceivable.

Esther was young—so terribly young! David March was old enough to be her father. The stereotyped phrase lingered a moment in her mind before she fully realised that he *was* old enough to be her father. Something in her heart, long ignored, rose in revolt at the thought. She longed to take Esther in her arms and mother her and tell her that she ought to—that she *must* marry Joe Spence.

Not for a long time could she focus her thoughts in order and consider a way to right the wrong she had done. Finally she came to a decision. In accepting it she thought neither of David March nor herself, but only of Esther—her baby!

When Esther came down the next morning, her mother had finished work and was dressed to go out.

"I'm going to the city," she said, "I'll be back rather late."

She might have added more, had not the studied indifference of Esther's face chilled her.

After leaving the house she went to her bank and drew three hundred pounds. She smiled absently at the pleasantries with which the cashier tried to cover his surprise, and tucked into her bag the notes which he tendered her.

From the bank she walked rapidly towards the Spence cottage. It was her intention to get Joe's address in the city, from his mother. To her surprise, Joe himself opened the door. Nevertheless she plunged immediately into her business.

"I told Esther she couldn't marry you," she said. "I've changed my mind. Esther told me once about your plans. I don't know what they're worth, but——"

She paused and drew forth the notes.

"I'm willing to start you," she continued, holding the money out.

Joe eyed her dazedly.

"Take them," she commanded.

"But——" began Joe.

"There are no 'buts' about it," Mary broke in impatiently. "You love Esther, don't you? You want to marry her?"

"Yes," replied Joe promptly and firmly.

"All right, then. This is your chance. Marry her before somebody else does. Remember me to your mother, and tell her I'll call soon. Good-bye."

She thrust the money into his hand and was gone before he could speak.

"I hope," she thought, "that he goes to see Esther right away. If he doesn't, somebody will probably tell him about that David March foolishness, and then like as not he'll get mad and——"

At that moment Joe passed her. He was in such a hurry that he didn't notice her. There was no doubt but that he was going to see Esther right away.

Mary Lee paused and considered a moment. Then she turned and walked along the bank of the river until she came to the elm. She seated herself under it.

It was a familiar spot and fraught with memories, although she had not visited it for years. She was still there when the noon

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whistles blew and brought her back to the present.

"Poor David!" she thought, as she rose and started for home.

Esther was waiting for her and met her at the gate.

"Mother!" she cried, and for the first time in months Mary Lee felt the warm pressure of her daughter's arms flung with the old abandon around her neck.

"Will you forgive me?" begged Esther. "I was so horrid to you."

Mary Lee drew her daughter to her hungrily.

"There, there!" she soothed. "If anybody has got to ask for forgiveness, it's me, I reckon."

They went up the path arm in arm. Luncheon was like a happy reunion after a long absence. And the reunion continued through the afternoon.

It was not until the evening that Mary Lee had a chance to consider other effects of what she had done. Esther had gone to see Joe's mother, promising to come back and bring Joe with her, when David March appeared.

"Is Esther in?" he asked hesitatingly.

"No," she replied. And then a wave of compunction swept over her. She wasn't sorry for what she had done; she would do it again! But poor David, it was going to be hard on him.

"Come in," she said impulsively.

"I don't know as I've got a right to," he said with the old, familiar shyness that had been one of his endearing traits, "but there is something I feel I've got to tell you."

She simply motioned him into the room, as he seemed determined not to sit, and she stood too.

"It's this way," he began desperately, and then stuck. Clearing his throat, he started anew: "It's—but perhaps I'd better start at the beginning. You know how I went up north?"

She nodded.

"I was in business there. 'Twa'n't much of a business—folks around think it was an iron foundry, but it wasn't. It was just——"

He paused as if to gain fresh impetus, and then blurted out:

"Just pawnbroking! I was pretty hard up," he hurried on, "when I went into it. I didn't think to stick to it, but there's a lot of money in it if you go about it the

right way, so I never got to the point where I felt like giving it up.

"Then the war came, and everything went soaring up. I got a chance to make a lot of money on things I'd stored up. It wasn't as much as people here say, though—not more than ten thousand, all told."

"Why, that was quite a lot," she said, feeling the need of saying something. Poor David! There was still something irresistibly boyish and appealing about him. She felt a yearning desire to comfort him.

"Not so much as I once planned to make," he said soberly. "I wouldn't have been satisfied with less than five hundred thousand in those days."

She nodded quickly and smiled tremulously—she remembered too.

"I came back to Manstead because I wanted to settle in the old town and perhaps start some business, and—and——"

There he stuck again. Somewhere a clock ticked imperturbably, marking the passing seconds.

"Yes, David," she said gently.

"Well," he said, his face becoming fiery under the tan, "the next part is sort of hard to explain. I ran into Esther, and she reminded me of you, and I came to call and—and——"

Something choked him, but he cleared his throat and struggled on.

"You sort of froze me, but I came again. And I don't know how it happened, but it came about so that I kept seeing Esther. She seemed glad to see me, and I couldn't help being fond of her, seeing how she reminded me of—of you."

He swallowed hard.

"Well, I'd heard about Joe Spence. I asked her about him, and she told me how you felt—and that he had a widowed mother, so that it looked as if they'd never get a chance to get married——"

"That was all true, David," she interrupted, "but——"

"Let me finish," he begged. "Then perhaps you'll put me out. I told Joe Spence that if he wanted to open a business of his own, I'd go in partners with him."

In his clear brown eyes, as they met hers, there was a flash of defiance.

"You—did!"

"Yes; almost two weeks ago."

"But, David," she cried bewilderedly, "he'll marry Esther now."

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"I know it. And I'm glad of it. Young folks ought to marry young folks."

In a flash it came to her that he had helped Joe Spence in a spirit of renunciation.

"It was noble of you, David," she said finally. "I—I admire you for it."

It was his turn to show surprise.

"You—you aren't angry with me?"

She shook her head. Slowly he digested this unexpected *dénouement*.

"There's no call to admire me," he said. "I wanted a good business opening, and I didn't have to talk to Joe more than ten minutes before I found one. I told him to go ahead and——"

"But, David, you care for Esther!"

"Care for her?" he echoed.

"Whenever you came, it was to see her," she reminded him. "And once, when she wasn't here, you didn't even come in."

"That time I wanted to know whether there was a chance to see you alone for a minute," he said grimly. "Seemed as if I never got a chance. Then you slammed the door in my face."

She stared at him unbelievably.

"You wanted—to see me—alone?"

He nodded doggedly.

"Why?" she asked, not as a person who wants to know, but as a woman who wants to be told. But such distinctions were too fine for David March.

"Because I wanted to," he said, studying the carpet. "I've wanted to see you ever since I went away. I've wished often I'd stayed and not given up so easy. That's why."

If he had looked at her then, there would have been no need for her to speak. But he did not look up, even when she swayed towards him.

"I've wished often, David, that you—had."

Five minutes later—or perhaps it was fifteen—she freed herself and fussed with her hair.

"No, no, David," she forbade, her face as rosy and as pretty as a girl's. "Esther and Joe Spence are likely to come any minute."

This, though she did not know it, was not true. Esther and Joe Spence had come some minutes before and had retired discreetly to the rear veranda, which had the virtue of being less liable to intrusion—and much more shadowy.

"Isn't it wonderful?" exclaimed Esther ecstatically.

But Joe's mind ran to other things. His answer took him some time to complete.

When his lips were free for their more conventional purposes again, he spoke of something else.

"I think I'd better give that money back to your mother," he said. "I don't need it in the business, you know——"

"Give it back! Rather not," retorted Esther vigorously. "You'll just hand that money over to me, Joe Spence. You may not need it in your business, but we're going to need it in *our* business."

Yes, the old, old truths still hold. Especially that one which has it that youth will be served. It will—and have a double portion, please, if opportunity offers.

"MY PLANS FOR SAVING CHILD LIFE"

By LORD RHONDDA

A most important article, "My plans for Saving Child Life," by Lord Rhondda, will appear in next month's QUIVER. It gives Lord Rhondda's programme, not only for the war, but after, and is one of the most important pronouncements made for a long time.

Be sure to secure a copy of the May QUIVER.

NEW MEN FOR OLD

How our Disabled Fighting Men are Renewed for the Battle of Life

By WILKINSON SHERREN

MEN broken and maimed by war were not well looked after before the present conflict. No effort was made by the State to put them in the way of making a new start in life. The limble s fighting man, cast aside as of no further use, and forced to live on charity, was a pathetic figure indeed.

Amid the present welter of sorrow and bloodshed, while we travel along our Via Colorosa, we have this inspiring reflection for our comfort: Never before has the practical side of Christianity been manifested to such an extent as in the present-day care for disabled fighting men and their dependants. Though not a word of religion is spoken by the authorities, its spirit is active in our midst, and struggling for ever fuller expression.

First through the channel of voluntary effort a great tide of loving help flowed towards the wounded, though in the nature of things there was considerable overlapping in the efforts made. The will-to-do was there, but the way had to be found. A great impetus to the provision of more generous scales of pensions and allowances

was given by a Select Committee over which Mr. Lloyd George presided in the early days of the war.

All the work connected with disabled soldiers and sailors and their dependants is now centred in a Ministry of Pensions,

which from its establishment has had a responsible Labour man at its head. The note of Mr. John Hodge's Ministry is restoration.

There exists to-day a machinery of mercy which finds expression in seeming miracles—the work accomplished by surgeons, doctors, and skilled mechanics, who so wonderfully provide substitutes for war-shattered limbs, that the disabled are fitted to pursue useful occupations.

In some quarters there is a disposition to assert that the discharged disabled soldier and sailor should be kept in idleness for the rest of

his days. Waiving the question of the cost to the nation, would such a course be in the men's best interests? You have only to ask the question to get the answer. Let Mr. John Hodge make of him a new man. His pension will remain the same, whatever salary he may earn afterwards.



Trying his New Leg.

Photo: *Alfred*.

A sample of the work that is being done at Roehampton.

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his pension having been decided by the degree of his disablement. But for the first four weeks he receives a pension at the highest rate, and this continues for five weeks in the case of a man with an amputation. All questions relating to treatment, training, and employment are considered by Joint Committees formed of delegates from over 200 Local War Pensions Committees.

The most frequent permanent injury is the loss of a limb, and in respect of men who have suffered in this way, great practical results have been achieved. Ten thousand pounds was recently allotted to the Ministry of Pensions by the Treasury in order to equip a factory to experiment in the production of a perfect artificial limb.

The most important limb-fitting establishment is at Roehampton, where classes are conducted in basket-making, clerical work, carpentry, electricity, engineering, motor mechanics. Here are some results of technical training at Roehampton: an out-fitter's assistant has become a chauffeur; a master chimney-sweep a clerk; a labourer a motor mechanic; a gardener a switch-board attendant; a collier a leather worker. Disabled men also receive specific training at polytechnic and technical institutes. Examples taken at random from the books of one of these polytechnics offer convincing proof of the success of the methods employed.

"W. D. (A.S.C.), right leg amputated above the knee. Trained in metal turning and fitting, and placed with Croxley's at Manchester at £2 6s. per week."

"W. H. R. (R.E.), right arm amputated. Trained in electrical work and placed with the Croydon Electricity Works as switch-board attendant at 31s. 6d. a week."

"K. (R.F.), leg amputations. Previously a bricklayer. Trained in architectural drawing and placed with the Birmingham Corporation as assistant clerk-of-works."

"G. H. S. (West Surreys), right leg amputated above the knee. Trained in cinematograph operating and placed with the Epsom Palladium Cinema at £2 a week."

Quite recently a new industry for disabled soldiers was started through Mr. Hodge at Brighton, where they are being trained in the highly skilled trade of diamond cutting. Courses of technical instruction for prisoners of war, interned in Switzerland, have also been arranged by Major Mitchell, of the Ministry of Pensions, and Lord Sandwich.

Here are some typical stories of men who, wounded and discharged, have been made good. The only material alteration in their stories is that I have substituted fictitious names for the real ones.

Sergeant Banner of the Royal Fusiliers was stationed in India when the call came to proceed to the Dardanelles. "One evening some old Turk found a bullet with my regimental number on it, and I stopped it—through my right shoulder—the bullet severing an artery." After eight months' suffering his arm was amputated two inches above the elbow. "From hospital I went to Roehampton to be fitted with an artificial arm, which I find

very useful; there is no necessary thing I cannot do with my left hand. I had no trade, yet with the help of the good people at Roehampton I am, after five months' training, an assistant electrician at Messrs. L——'s at 35s. a week and food."

Sapper Brewster, who joined up in August, 1914, was wounded at Loos by a rifle bullet in the head, which left his right arm paralysed. "I believe I was one of the first



Making a Plaster Cast for a Man's Leg.

Photo: Effery

NEW MEN FOR OLD

boys to start a course of training for disabled soldiers. I must say that the careful instruction which we boys received greatly bucked and encouraged us for the future." Sapper Brewster trained for telephone work. "I was a butcher before joining up, but having trained on for this new work I can now look forward to the future with a light and glad heart."

Or think of the new heart put into Johnston, formerly a leading cook on H.M.S. *Lightning*, in which, by enemy action, he was dangerously wounded and lost his right leg. "I used to worry when I thought how I could earn my living the rest of my life, but after I heard there was a chance to learn a trade I cheered myself up, and went in for hand-sewn boot-making." He was trained at the Cordwainers' College—a year's course—and took a job in the West End of London.

Experiences just as satisfactory befell Jackson, a Royal Marine before the war broke out. "We went out to the Mediterranean, and then to Gallipoli, where I was badly wounded and lost my right leg. My previous occupation having been that of a gardener, I began to wonder what I should do. I then joined a special course of electrical work whilst in hospital, and went to a training centre after leaving, and got on so well that I got a good job at the C.A.V. Magneto Works, where I am doing very well. The work I have to do suits me, as I can sit down to it. I would advise everyone who cannot go back to their old jobs to learn a trade. I am earning more now than I did before I joined up, apart altogether from my pension."

Much, but not too much, has been written about St. Dunstan's, the magnificent London home where so many of our blinded heroes are taught to be happy and useful, because it is the only place in England where men who have been blinded at the Front are cared for. Wonderful is the understanding shown of the man's sad plight; he is not left to sink into the Slough of Despond. Once in

hospital he is visited by members of the staff of St. Dunstan's and his interest is aroused by means of instruction in net-bag making and preliminary teaching in Braille. His fighting spirit is kindled, so that very soon after he has lost his eyesight he learns "that closed eyelids do not mean lack of vision."

Saddest of all cases are the sufferers from shell shock and kindred disorders. For



At Queen Mary's Hospital, Roehampton.

Photo: Alfieri.

Where our wounded Tommies are fitted with wonderful artificial limbs.

them there is the First Home of Recovery at Golder's Green, a civilian hospital, where such patients receive individual attention and occupation, with skilled instruction in the workshops, while in the grounds there are all sorts of facilities for recreation. Other homes of a similar character are to be established. And through the generosity of members of the Eccentric Club a sufficient sum has been raised to open ten hostels for discharged men under training, with accommodation for about 350 men.

Our country is not working alone at the problems involved in restoring disabled fighting men to civil life, but in co-operation with the Allied countries. We have not only pooled men, money, and munitions—we have pooled our expert knowledge and goodwill, and are adding force and strength to the beneficent impulse first given to the world by the Great Physician.

THE LITTLE BROWN SPHINX

By

HILDA F. MOORE

PETER always declared *he* discovered her—taking no thought to that trend of Fate which leads where its intended victim can do naught but follow.

And Peter, previous to that discovery, was wretchedly bored.

Anyhow, he found her up in a cosy little nook of the gallery, an unseen watcher with grave, steady eyes upon the gay company, indulging in some foolish jig of a Fox Trot, in the oaken hall below.

Peter loathed such things from the bottom of his heart—not "because," as he had once expressed to his elder sister, who "adored" such things, "I've never had a good pair of legs to fool about on" (Peter's left leg, through an infantile complaint, had never quite caught up to the growing of the right), "but because that sort of thing savours too much of people at a loose end for fresh amusement. There's no art or real enjoyment in any of it."

Coming slowly up the softly carpeted stairs to the gallery, Peter paused to look down on the throng, then he ascended the final three stairs, and his eyes, beneath scowling black brows, caught the glimmer of something, in the faint light of the gallery, up in the corner.

He paused in the shadows and stared intently. It was a shoebuckle. His eyes travelled slowly upwards, and stopped—arrested upon the small face slightly bending forward in a perfect oval, like some unexpected miniature in a colossal frame of darkness.

Gravely, with an uncanny sphinx-like steadiness, did the small face gaze down upon the revellers below; and as steadily did Peter watch the Sphinx.

He knew she was quite unaware of anybody's immediate presence—he wondered who she was, and why she was there.

If a guest, why was she not below with the others? He had no recollection of any of his sisters' guests having brought a chance friend. Why was she so mysteriously alone?

He peered a little more into the concealing shadows behind the miniature. No, he was *quite* convinced. She *was* alone. Then, as though aware of someone's scrutiny, the grave eyes glanced slowly up, and met his across the wide space of the gallery.

Peter, his scowling brows relaxed now, his mouth widening to a winning smile, advanced, with his habitual slowness of gait, towards the girl, who, as though affrighted, shrank back into the frame of shadows.

Peter, inexorable, advanced, watched in a kind of shrinking horror by the girl, who, dropping the fan she held, clasped her hands tightly in the lap of the snuff-brown silk frock.

Peter wanted to know a good many things, he meant to know them somehow.

He picked up the fan and proffered it, saying:

"I'm sorry I startled you, and I ask your pardon. I had no idea anyone was up here. But I am fortunate"—he bowed. "How do you do?"

He waited. The dark eyes met his; there was an unfathomable depth in them.

"My name is of no consequence," said the girl, her voice softly clear and proud.

He bowed again, but his glance challenged hers.

"My name is Lovett."

"I know," replied the Sphinx.

"I beg your pardon again," murmured Peter humorously, "but you certainly have the advantage of me."

But the Sphinx's glance did not meet his, and a silence ensued.

The girl's eyes were on the moving throng below; Peter's were fixed, puzzled, on her face.

"Do you like those sort of dances?" he inquired.

"I've never tried," replied the Sphinx.

"They look foolish and jerky in my opinion, but I suppose they're very good fun for those who can indulge in them."

"M'm!" from Peter. "Horrible things, to my way of thinking."

THE LITTLE BROWN SPHINX

Silence.

"Have you danced at all this evening?" inquired Peter, with a fine persistence.

Her hair was a ruddy brown; Peter had just caught a gleam from it as she bent forward a little to the light.

It was beautiful hair—a suitable setting to the inscrutable oval face.

"Perhaps you are awaiting your partner?"

"Oh, no!"—decidedly. "I haven't one."

"Then you won't, perhaps, object to my being your sitting-out partner?" Peter no longer hesitated; he sat down beside the small, dainty figure on the wide, tapestry-covered lounge. "I have no partner either, so we are truly companions in—not misfortune."

"I should prefer to veto that," and for a second time their glances met.

Peter laughed.

"We will make it our truce time, anyhow," leaning forward, elbows on knees, strong hands clasped loosely in front beneath his chin, adding: "We agree to differ in this much—you to conceal your identity, O Brown Sphinx, and I to discover it if I can. Meanwhile, if we are to sit here, couldn't we hoist that flag of truce and enjoy a temporary friendship?" His smile was very winning, and the girl's lips curved in spite of herself.

"Very well," she replied, with a kind of slow decision. "Then I suppose, having agreed, we must keep the ball of conversation on the roll?"

"Just so," nodding; "and surely it won't be difficult?"

"I don't know," with a half-suppressed sigh. "It seems more often 'twere better to keep silent."

Peter chuckled.

"You would be a past mistress at it then."

But the Brown Sphinx shook her head.

"I wish I had been," she replied half mournfully; "but one invariably gains one's wisdom only by experience."

"You appear to have been, roughly speaking, up against it?"

"No matter," quickly. "I am wise now, which probably I shouldn't have been had things transpired otherwise. May I ask the subject you would most wish to discuss?"

Peter laughed quietly.

"Now I call that an unfair beginning. Supposing I replied, 'You'?"

"Quite easily avoidable. You see, the subject wouldn't be sufficiently interesting, not being open to discussion."

"I see," humorously. "Of course, I only take your word for that."

"Quite sufficient. We are our own best critics, if we're honest."

"I don't know so much about it. That's very open to discussion."

"No!" with a quick shake of the head. "We won't discuss it."

"What shall it be, then?"

"Oh, just anything but personalities."

So they discussed many things. They possessed, apparently, a mutual love for animals, particularly dogs and horses; they had a similar interest for gardening; they squabbled over motoring, which she said she hated, and he revelled in; but motor boating—or "botoring," as he termed it, "to be spoken as though with a cold in the head"—she envied him.

Oblivious to time and everything else did Peter bask in the tantalising personality of the Brown Sphinx.

He forgot, at times, that he was ignorant of her name and her presence there. She was the little Brown Sphinx to him; and he thanked the Fate that had led him, scowling but unresisting, to this perfect discovery that had been awaiting him, from that boring crowd below who, apparently, now were partaking of supper.

Peter realised this with a start.

"I say!" he exclaimed, with a boyishness that was a rare quality with him. "How remiss of me! You will have some refreshment? Shall I have it brought here, or will you allow me the honour of escorting you to the supper-room?"

"I don't like to trouble you," said the Brown Sphinx, "but I *should* like to have it here, please."

Peter said: "Right-o! Just my own preferred choice," and went off.

He stopped upon the bend of the stairs to look back, but he could not see her. She had evidently withdrawn to her frame of shadows.

Returning later, with a footman bearing a daintily served tray, to the lounge, he started back, almost colliding with the liveried functionary.

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"Set it here—thanks," he said curtly, and the footman, inwardly wondering at this extraordinary caprice of his master's, placed the supper for two upon the lounge where Peter had left the Brown Sphinx not ten minutes before.

After the man had gone Peter turned and stared around the gallery, his strong hands clenched.

"Brown Sphinx," he muttered, "you've gone *now*, but I'll discover you again, and you'll have to answer to me—for—this."

He turned on his heel and went away to his own particular den, scowling but determined.

Peter was very discreet. He aroused no suspicions in his mother's or sisters' minds upon inquiring casually, at lunch, after last evening's guests.

A few strangers to him were soon rejected upon prompt replies from Pamela, his younger sister, who was a born mimic, and gloried in description.

But the object he was groping for came to the surface in just that unexpected way such things have.

"Oh! and the funniest thing about that little old Miss Linsell, you know. She said she wouldn't have come, only as we'd sent invitations for herself and her niece she thought it a pity to waste them. But what *do* you think? As her niece wanted to go to a theatre with her fiancé, she (Miss Linsell), not to be disappointed of her 'hop' (and she really did Fox-Trot a treat!), brought along her maid. I believe, poor creature, she had to sit about somewhere to keep an eye on her sprightly lady, in case she collapsed, or something. I didn't know about it till just as they were going out to get in the brougham, and for the moment I thought the little graceful figure arming Miss Linsell out was her niece till I met a big pair of serious brown eyes, and Miss Linsell said she had her maid as her bodyguard."

Peter joined in the laugh raised at Pamela's spirited account; but his eyes held a steady, *still* look in their deepness, and a minute or two later, when crossing the room to give a morsel of pudding to the bright-eyed Chinese robin in its big window-cage, he muttered softly: "Poor child!"

He thought he understood a good many things concerning the little Brown Sphinx in that unconscious revelation of his sister's.

The next afternoon he called at Miss Linsell's grim-looking residence, with its stiff urns of immaculately clipped evergreens guarding the portals of the dark old frontage.

But Miss Linsell was out.

He went away feeling extremely disappointed. He scarcely wondered what he had expected. He only recognised a keen interest in this girl who had attracted him so strongly.

He drove to the Park and there descended, telling his chauffeur to take the car home, as he would walk; he gripped his stick and passed haltingly between the trees.

It was a beautiful afternoon, warm in the sunshine, despite the sharp tingle of frost in the air. His eyes, fixed moodily ahead, alighted on the flying figure of a girl approaching in a russet-brown costume and tam, escorted by two deliriously happy terriers.

With a delighted start he paused, and as she came up, went forward, hat in hand.

She stopped.

"This *is* an unexpected pleasure," he said smilingly. "How do you do?"

"Splendid, thanks. Couldn't be otherwise with two such headstrong escorts as these. Here!" she whistled. "Do let me introduce you to Peter and Bob."

"My namesake first, please," he said, as the dogs scampered up.

"Oh, how curious! Which is it?"

Peter looked at her, and the Brown Sphinx flushed.

"I thought you might have known it was Peter," he responded with blunt reproach.

"I beg your pardon," she murmured, her cheeks hot, her eyes avoiding his. "Of course—ah! this is Peter," with relief. "Peter, this is Mr. Lovett—shake hands." Peter, the dog, shook, with all due solemnity. Bob followed suit, and then frisked about, while Peter, the man, made all haste to avail himself of the privilege of this golden opportunity—for the Brown Sphinx had said: "I hoped you would excuse me for the other night, and understand that it was unavoidable."

"No, I can't. Not all at once. Probably I shall in time," with genuine earnestness. "I believe, Brown Sphinx, if I had found you again that evening, after your shabby disappearance, I should have taken you by the shoulders and shaken you."

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"Perhaps," said the Brown Sphinx, her red lips curving, "perhaps you would be relieved if you did it now?"

Peter laughed boyishly.

"Don't tempt me!—and in this so public place, too! I *shall* remember that, though," with meaning.

During their walk through the Park, and during their whole animated conversation, Peter, neither in word nor manner, let the Brown Sphinx know of his enlightenment respecting her position, and as he taxied homewards after escorting the Brown Sphinx as far as she would allow, he knew she was a girl whom to know was no ordinary privilege.

She was a lady in the truest sense of the word; she was charming and undoubtedly clever; she was—oh! happy thought—companionable, just the sort to be a real pal; she could appreciate, was, in fact, most refreshingly enthusiastic, and was beautifully sympathetic; but at the same time she was a—well, a sphinx, where personal affairs were concerned. No oyster could be more tightly shut. But Peter smiled—he could afford to wait. He conjured up a mental picture of her as he'd met her in the Park, her face aglow with the exercise, her boisterous escorts, Peter and Bob, either side, and dwelt upon it smilingly.

He was still smiling as he entered his house, to find Miss Linsell on the verge of departing. Her sharp, bright eyes probed his expression as he helped her down the steps to her brougham.

"I suppose it wouldn't be a sufficiently tempting invitation to such a *blâé* young man as yourself to come back and drink tea with me, *now?*" she replied, having heard of his ineffectual call; "I'm quite alone, as Netta went away yesterday to stay with her fiancé's people."

Peter glanced at his watch.

"I'll accept with the greatest pleasure," he said, and stepped in after her.

"I *am* favoured, indeed," with a little cynical lift of eyebrows, as they bowed along.

But Peter knew this sharp-tongued lady of old, and parried her thrusts in just such rapier-like repartee as her soul delighted to indulge.

She had always entertained a liking for this clever son of her old school-friend's, to whom she had stood as godparent,

and it had been her secret wish that he would eventually become her nephew, until her niece had dispelled the illusion by showing her total disregard for Peter by becoming "otherwise engaged." Even had this not occurred, she had at times felt in some doubt about Peter himself. His mother had told her so often "he was not a marrying man."

Miss Linsell had shaken her beautifully dressed white head in forcible disapproval of such a sentiment.

"He'd marry fast enough if the right one came along," she replied firmly. "My godson isn't the sort to be for ever content with the state of single blessedness."

Peter had no idea how mercilessly he was under the dissecting eye and scrutiny of this vivacious lady during that drive.

She was uncannily witch-like in drawing conclusions, and she had recognised something hitherto unknown in the expression and bearing of Peter to-day.

Moreover, she was sure he had more reasons than the sole one of obliging an old lady by returning with her thus.

Also, *why* had he called?

She had an idea she was going to be vastly entertained, and she smiled a little maliciously as this big, lame young man she liked so much followed her into her boudoir, where, a few minutes later, her maid-companion was summoned to pour out tea.

Peter's eyes were brightly eager as the door opened, and then any doubt he might have had respecting the identity of the Brown Sphinx's position vanished, as the girl he had left barely two hours before walked swiftly across to take her place at the round table by the Japanese screen, with its panels of flying birds and almond blossom.

Miss Linsell, her black eyes sparkling, her wrinkled cheeks pink, munched cake and sipped tea with relish. She knew now. She missed nothing. The silent little brown figure, and the big young man who in his ready fetching and carrying was never once so much as rewarded by a glance from the demure maiden of the tea-cups.

It was pure comedy, and Miss Linsell sharpened up her remarks on the strength of a delicious new interest, under which Peter became somewhat ill at ease, and the Brown Sphinx still more sphinx-like. Upon

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the departure of the latter, in the wake of the tea-tray, with instructions to bring in a basket of embroidery, Miss Lins-kell looked at Peter shrewdly, with her head on one side.

"Peter," said she, in a manner that stripped the words of bare vulgarity, "my maids are not allowed followers."

"Indeed!"

"No; that's the understanding when they take a situation in my establishment, unless, of course, they *are* engaged before coming here, when, of course, they inform me of the fact."

"Indeed!" with greater indifference.

"I might say I had no intimation of any"—her eyes flashed a humorous twinkle—"any follower when Prudence came into my service. She is particularly reticent, but I think she *would* have told me."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Peter for the third time. "But really, my dear Godmother, what has—"

"Peter," said Miss Lins-kell, leaning forward and placing a much-bejewelled hand upon his knee, "don't be a fool! Wherever you had met her before—and it's quite palpable you have done so, somewhere, for all that quiet way of Prudence's just now—remember, please, that she is only my maid-companion. A very suitable and useful young woman in that capacity, but not at all a suitable young woman for my very eligible godson to flirt with."

Peter stood up with a jerk, his eyes dark with anger.

"Miss Lins-kell," said he, "I know that your maid-companion is a lady, and—" He stopped, his face flushed—the Brown Sphinx had entered and paused, her cheeks aglow, while Miss Lins-kell, leaning back in her chair, broke into a little cackling laugh of genuine amusement.

Then she sat forward, absolute mistress of the situation.

"Bring the basket to me, Prudence, and don't mind anything this most foolish gentleman was saying as you came in. If you never had a champion before, you have one now. It's always a comfort to any woman, whatever her position in life—with sly emphasis and a meaning flicker of a glance at the much-frowning Peter—" to know she has *someone* who will champion her through thick and thin; and I know you're *much* too sensible and prudent a girl

to take any notice of a man in a vastly superior position to your own. What! Peter, are you going? Call in again soon, won't you?"

But Peter was outside, and heard the tinkling, cynical laugh following him as he walked down the corridor.

To say that Peter was in a temper would have been a mild manner of expressing the matter. He literally boiled with wrath. But from this he simmered down to a splendid coolness, and with it came a settled decision.

His principal fear was that the Brown Sphinx would depart from her present position, but most fortunately she did no such thing; and upon an at first uncertain foundation of chance meetings only, they came to a firm understanding, and never had Peter so relished anything as he did those gloriously free afternoons spent in the company of the Brown Sphinx.

He took her to places he had been too bored to appreciate before, and in her bright enthusiasm recognised, as a man seeing for the first time, the beauties of life he had passed by so heedlessly.

She opened his eyes to many things, and in the light of her own sturdy independence did he review his own hitherto careless, selfish life, in which he had accepted *everything* as a matter of course.

Upon the afternoon of one most memorable day she had said, as they sat on a seat in a quiet corner of one of London's great parks: "I always feel much more sorry for people who are born with riches. Because, unless they really *are* thinking people, they grow up and live their lives without that real understanding which comes, by force of circumstances, to those who have to struggle. I guess you'll find the pure gold of good fellowship, feeling, and sympathy where there's a squeeze to make both ends meet, rather than with anyone like—well, this lady, for instance, coming towards us, who apparently has everything for her comfort, and doesn't know the richness of the feeling of what it means to go without."

Peter looked up and met his elder sister's eyes. They had shot disdainfully over the person of the Brown Sphinx, and then passed on to him.

Peter raised his hat, and with the barest nod Eileen passed on.

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"She was in the drawing-room alone, and her eyes twinkled as they entered"—p. 490

Drawn by
J. E. Sutcliffe.

Peter flushed and bit his lip at her ill-manner.

"My sister," he muttered, as at some shameful confession.

"Yes," replied the Brown Sphinx, in a quiet little voice; "I recognised her afterwards. I beg your pardon."

"No, don't!"—fiercely. "We should beg yours."

"But I am only a maid-companion," with an irresistible demureness that served but to raise the fire of love and passion that had for long been piling up and up in Peter to flaming point. He turned to her, his strong face quivering.

"Only a maid-companion!" he exclaimed

in swift, fiery tones. "By heavens, whatever you are, I know that you are the woman I love and adore." He had caught her hands in a close grip, his eyes compelled hers, and he knew, as he met them, what the wonderful light in them meant.

"And you—and you—love me?" in a sudden hushed voice. "Tell me," whisperingly; "I know you won't lie to me."

The Brown Sphinx trembled in the rush and torrent of this great joy that had swept upon her so suddenly.

"Yes, Peter," she said; "I believe I do."

Peter slipped an arm about his Brown Sphinx and kissed her, his eyes aglow.

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"Then you will marry me, little Brown Sphinx?"

"But—but——" pushing him away with determined hands of sudden remembrance. "Your mother—your sisters—your friends?"

Peter regained her hands, and looked deeply into her happy but tear-wet eyes.

"You are my happiness, Prudence. Shall I surrender the greatness of that for any miserable worldly prejudices? And if they haven't the good sense to appreciate the qualities of my wife, will that worry us?"

"It's a pretty big problem," sighed the Brown Sphinx.

"Well, it's not going to disturb our happiness."

Peter escorted his Brown Sphinx right home, and they entered Miss Linsell's grim-fronted house together. She was in the drawing-room alone, and her eyes twinkled as they entered.

"So, Peter," she said, "in spite of all my warnings, you have been and made a fool of yourself?"

"Oh, no, Godmother dear—just the happiest man alive. Won't you congratulate me?"

"I believe I shall have to, Peter, and, Prudence, you as well, I think." Her cynical old voice broke a little. "I really think you are *both* very lucky people." She kissed them, and then, drawing them forward to a lounge sat between them clasp-

ing Prudence's left hand and Peter's right hand in her satin lap. "Peter, you always were a very bold fellow when you had made up your mind, but there is just a little item in your future wife's history with which I know you are unacquainted. You shall have your due reward for your unlimited rashness, and hear it now. This little girl," with an affectionate squeeze to Prudence's hand, "is a cousin of mine, who came to me in dire distress a few months back from Canada. She had plenty of money, but very few real friends. Moreover, she preferred spending her money on other people to using it for herself, as she had experienced many hard times herself before the fortune came in her possession. She wished to make friends, real friends; but she was obsessed with the idea that the only way to do that was to remain poor. So as my *most* useful maid-companion has she been serving me, with the greatest dutifulness, the only thing being that, in spite of everything *I* said, she *would* allow that follower of hers to pay his attentions with a persistence that"—she paused, surveying the joyous faces with a mischievous but slightly quivering smile—"delighted me."

"Now there is one thing I should like to say," said Peter. "I discovered her—and I knew she was *my* Brown Sphinx from the very first."



"I send thee pansies while the year is young . . .
Take all the sweetness of a gift un-sought
And for the pansies send me back a thought,"—SARAH DOUBREY.

DOES YOUR CHILD TELL "FIBS"?

A Perplexing Problem for Parents—and Others

By GRACE MARY GOLDEN

"YOUR children are wonderful," I overheard one mother say to another the other day. "They seem always to speak the truth perfectly fearlessly."

"Of course they do," was the quick retort. "Don't all children, if you speak the truth to them? Don't yours?"

"Well, more or less," said the first speaker. "They are not what you would call deceitful children by any means, but they tell a fair number of fibs. I suppose all children do naturally, until they learn better by being punished for it."

I did not hear the end of the conversation, but left the mother of the truthful children talking so animatedly that I felt sure she was expostulating vehemently over her companion's mistaken point of view. I hoped the little fibbers, for whom I felt sorry, might benefit by more enlightened treatment as a result.

The Child is Naturally Perfectly Truthful

But what a number of people do get hold of the wrong end of the stick in just the same way! They take it for granted that the doctrine of original sin is infallible and of universal application, and they do not take the trouble to study the children themselves and find out what are the real facts. If they did they would soon discover for themselves what any professional student of child psychology can tell them—namely, that the average normal child is naturally perfectly truthful and honest, and would always continue so if circumstances did not teach him to be different. Telling the truth is the line of least resistance, the course that occurs spontaneously and without an effort of thought—the *obvious* thing. Why, then, does a child ever tell untruths, as it must unfortunately be admitted many children do?

It is a question that everyone who has the care of little ones should ask and try to solve. To slur the matter over, to say, "Oh! it isn't exactly a lie—at least, only

a little one," is not only unconscientious, but also terribly unjust to the child. It is equivalent to giving him a push downhill, for the habit, once begun, of telling "not quite the truth" is one that develops with terrifying rapidity and takes so firm a hold that, if it is really acquired, it is only got rid of again with difficulty.

Why Children tell "Fibs"

Roughly speaking, there are three chief reasons for untruthfulness in children.

Firstly. An ordinarily truthful child will sometimes tell a lie when frightened, in order to escape the consequences of some wrong action. To prevent this happening the child should be taught, as soon as it is able to understand anything, that the best thing he can do when he has been naughty is to own up at once, since this course will mean a lessening of punishment instead of the opposite. In fact, if prompt confession follows a merely thoughtless action which was not intentionally naughty at all, no punishment should be inflicted. But the telling of a lie to cover such an action should be treated as a very serious matter. Nervous children want very careful handling, as they are particularly prone to falsehoods of this kind, and a timid child may easily be made into an habitual liar by injudicious and unsympathetic parents or nurses.

"Make Believe"

Secondly. Many children with vivid imaginations will "make believe" to such an extent that in their little minds fact and fiction merge into one with no dividing line, and in their report of any occurrence truths and untruths may be inextricably mixed. Such untruths should never be punished, since they bear no resemblance to lies which are told with intent to deceive; but a child who tells them frequently must be carefully dealt with and taught to distinguish between the things that actually

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did happen and those which he "played happened."

Thus when Teddie runs in after a morning's play with the story: "Me and Rover were in the field, and I shut Rover outside the gate and a funny old woman came along and opened it, and when he barked she jumped up into the apple tree and flew right away in the sky . . ." and so on, do not take him to task for inventing the old woman, who you know did not exist, but explain to him that he must make it quite plain that he is describing a game, and not actual fact. This being clearly established, enter whole-heartedly into his make believe, and encourage him to look upon you as a playfellow. Every child lives partly in an imaginary world, and to try to discourage him will only put a barrier between you and deprive you of his confidence.

When they watch the Grown-ups

Thirdly. Children may become untruthful because they discover that other people do not always tell the truth to them. They are extraordinarily quick to imitate, and bad habits are, alas! acquired as easily as good ones by force of example. Grown-ups should always be on the alert to see that the little ones in their care associate with truthful companions.

And grown-ups themselves must always tell children the truth. It is surprising how many people who consider themselves absolutely truthful will tell what they call a harmless fib to a child, never realising the deplorable results that may follow. The lies that are told to children, like those that are told by them, are of various kinds, and may be conveniently classed as follows:

1. *Lies told to hide ignorance.* Children are always asking questions—questions that it is not always possible for an ordinary parent, who is not a walking encyclopædia, to answer satisfactorily.

"Mother, why is the sun yellow?" "Mother, where are baby's teeth before she cuts them?" "Daddie, why can you hear the wind when you can't see it?" And others more baffling still. The wise parent answers: "I don't know," if no amount of brain-searching reveals the right answer; but the foolish ones—and they are many—make up replies on the spur of the moment. Result, their children may think them omniscient for a time, but with the

keen wits of childhood they discover incredibly quickly that they have been deceived, and not only despise the deceivers but argue within themselves: "Mother tells lies. Why shouldn't I?"

Frightening the Little Ones

2. *Lies told to frighten children.* These are, perhaps, the wickedest lies of any, and the amount of harm they do is simply incalculable. Nearly all nursemaids, unless very carefully trained, have some pet threat which they hold over refractory charges, such as that of the black man who comes down the chimney and carries off naughty little boys and girls after they have gone to bed. The mental torture that some poor kiddies must endure as they lie awake in the dark, listening for this horror to come upon them, scarcely bears thinking about. Probably they will have an unreasoning terror of the dark for years after they have learnt that the bogey they feared never existed.

And ignorant servants are not the only offenders. How often one hears a parent who ought to know better trying to make a child behave nicely by saying: "The policeman will take you to prison if you're not good," or "Dogs always bite naughty little boys"! Hundreds of children dread policemen and dogs because thoughtless people have taught them to do so.

"Fun" that is very Serious

3. *Lies told "for fun."* The point of these is difficult to see, but probably every one of us knows the type of person who hardly ever addresses a child seriously, but who makes up extravagant answers to questions and idiotic stories about anything under discussion, apparently in order to puzzle the little victim and to amuse other grown-ups. The unfortunate child is puzzled, of course, and often is miserable and uncomfortable as well, feeling that there is some sort of conspiracy against him, and never knowing whether to believe what he is told or not. Or if he is fairly thick-skinned he may see that this sort of thing causes amusement and try to do the same.

Discourage the mountebank as you would any other liar in the presence of children. See that everyone speaks truth to them and in their hearing, and they will, without question, be truthful themselves.



"They were sitting at their midday dinner in the common room when Cicely walked past."

Drawn by
Stanley Osola

AN ENGLISH ROSE

By

DAVID LYALL

CHAPTER XIX

The Luncheon Party

THEY were sitting at their midday dinner in the common room when Cicely walked past the window. Joyce, who had received her message from Mrs. Barnacle, was surprised at her early return, though she had been puzzling herself over what could possibly have happened. She waited for several minutes, and when Cicely did not come down, excused herself and went to seek her.

She found her in their bedroom, sitting on the broad window-ledge, a favourite perch, and the expression on her face left Joyce in no doubt that something unusual had happened.

"Darling, whatever is it? You don't look a bit like yourself."

"I don't feel it. I've been upset. I can't

come down, Joyce," answered Cicely a trifle unsteadily, but with perfect frankness. "I couldn't stand the chattering throng."

"But you must have something to eat."

"What is there?"

"Irish stew," answered Joyce, and could not for the life of her understand why Cicely should go off into shrill laughter.

"I've had a pretty fair share of Irish stew already this morning, so I won't take it. I'll tell you what, Joy, I'll have a cup of tea and a poached egg when Mrs. Barnacle has time to get it. Don't let them ask any questions downstairs, and tell Maud she must go on with the ploughing this afternoon if I don't turn up at the coppice field."

Joyce nodded, but her eyes were full of loving solicitude, which Cicely found it hard to meet without breaking down.

"Darling, something *has* happened! It's a

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man, of course; it always is a man," she said, and gave her foot, encased in the neat brogue, a suggestive thrust forward, as if seeking a handy objective. "I can't tell you more now, but I will as soon as I've got the hang of it myself. Don't worry about me. I'll get over it; but, as the boys say, it's rotten all the same, just when we were getting on so splendidly!"

Joy moved forward, kissed her sister-in-law twice, and without a word slipped out of the room. She was so happy herself with her soldier-lover that she was desperately anxious for someone to come along at the proper time and make Cicely happy too. She had not an idea that Cicely had any secret locked in her breast, and certainly she looked seriously upset. Joyce wished she had seen him. The man who could make an impression on Cicely, she felt, must be worth seeing.

"The C.O. isn't very well," she explained in the most casual voice as she re-entered the dining-room. "She won't be coming down, and you'll have to go on at the ploughing this afternoon, Maud."

"Right-o! And we're all most awfully sorry," said the lady ploughman.

She voiced the sentiment of the whole half-dozen with whom Cicely lived on terms of perfect amity. She really had a gift for handling people and of getting them to fall in with her ideas. Yet there was nothing domineering about her, and she always deferred to the expressed opinion of another, and they discussed everything together regarding the work, though her decision, of course, was final. The military title C.O. had dispensed with the more formal title, Lady Steering, and they were just a bunch of happy English girls, working together for a common end.

Cicely watched them all go out to the afternoon's work, and when the house was empty she lay down on her bed and, to her own surprise, fell fast asleep.

She had had a very disturbed night, and nothing could have been better for her than sleep, which refreshed her body and enabled her mind to recover its true perspective.

That was Saturday afternoon. Sundays Cicely and Joyce always went home to Deverills after morning church, to lunch and stay the whole afternoon. Lady Steering had blossomed out into all kinds of new directions since Cicely's arrival, and one of the features was that she kept an open luncheon table on Sundays for the officers at Colissey Barracks. When they had once been there and met the two charming daughters of the house, they did not need any urging to return.

As Cicely and Joyce walked together through the little wood from Much Havers Church a fine rain was falling, just sufficient to keep Lady Steering in the house.

"You won't say anything to your mother,

Joy? I expect she'll ask me some questions."

"But how can she know, if neither you nor I tell her?" asked Joyce in a mystified voice.

"Well, you see, she happens to know the man. She met him at *Cœur la Reine*. He was a friend of your brother's, Joy; they were in the Legion together."

"Oh!" said Joyce shortly, a great light shining in on the mystery. "Is he the one, then, dear?" she asked in a low voice. "Don't tell me if you don't want to; but, oh, I should like you to be as happy as Alan and I are!"

"He is the one; but there are dividing seas. I can't tell you any more."

No guests had arrived when they reached the house, though a look into the dining-room, where lunch was already laid, showed them that some were expected. Hearing their voices, Lady Steering, who spent less time than formerly in the seclusion of her boudoir, appeared at the drawing-room door and met them in the hall.

"So glad to see you, dears! Come in here, Cicely, dear. I quite expected to see or hear something of you last night. Did you see Mr. Kane? I was so very sorry to miss him."

"Yes, dear, I saw him," answered Cicely bravely and quietly.

"And how did you allow him to go out of the neighbourhood? Why didn't you send him back to Deverills? I wanted to keep him over the week-end."

"I didn't think of it. Besides, he did not come prepared to stay. He was on his way to Ireland."

"Has he left the Army, then, for good? Lewis told me he was in civilian clothes."

"He has left the Army for good."

"And why is he going to Ireland? To see after his property, I suppose. I think you told me he had property in Ireland."

"He has a place in the Mourne mountains," answered Cicely. "I believe he is going partly for that, though I rather think he is interested in the internal state of the country at the moment. Is Major Halloran, by any chance, coming to lunch to-day, dear?"

"Yes, he is. A delightful man, and he loves coming here. I can never be grateful enough to you, dear child, for suggesting that I should try and be kind to some of these men, homeless at the moment. Major Halloran is so very fond of his home, and he seems to have a perfectly charming wife and children. She was a FitzClarence. He told me in his note he is getting two weeks' leave, and is going to Ireland at the end of this week."

"Oh," said Cicely thoughtfully. "Will you mind if I sit next him, dear? I rather want to talk to him about Ireland."

"That will please him very much, Cicely," said Lady Steering. "Well, I had a most delightful letter from Caroline this morning.

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I'm afraid we shall never get her back, Cicely, so you will have to take her place."

"Impossible! Nobody ever takes another person's place; they are merely makeshifts. But Caroline is happy, and so splendid at the work. I wrote to her yesterday. What about, do you think?"

Lady Steering shook a somewhat agitated head. She never knew, with Cicely; it was always the unexpected that happened where she was concerned.

"To point out to her that after Joy goes North the Blessington Hut must do without her. We shall need her at Steering. Don't you think that would be excellent?"

"From our point of view it would. But do you think it is going to be a permanent thing at Steering?"

"For the duration!" said Cicely glibly. "I hope she'll come. She promised me she would come back if I ever asked her seriously, and I did yesterday."

"You have made a great difference in our lives, dear child, and I can never thank God sufficiently for sending you to us. I saw your dear father in town yesterday, and told him so."

"You saw daddy in town!" exclaimed Cicely, in tones of strong surprise. "Did you meet him accidentally, or did you go to Streatham?"

"Oh, no; we had an appointment to lunch, to talk about you."

Cicely was alarmed. At that particular crisis in her career she did not wish to be talked about or arranged for. She guessed that Lady Steering had some plan of her own concerning her, on which she wished to, or at least felt it necessary to, consult her father.

"Don't look so scared, my dear," said Lady Steering, laughing softly, her pink and white face wearing an expression of extreme satisfaction.

"I hope you are not making great plans for me, dear," said Cicely. "The Marshams don't make plans. That's why they find life so interesting."

"No plans, dear; only necessary arrangements. You will be consulted all in good time. Meanwhile, your father is in splendid spirits about you. He has promised to come down for Easter with your dear mother."

"Oh, that will be lovely!" cried Cicely, her eyes sparkling. "How good of you to ask them. Thank you ever so much!"

The girl's eyes positively shone, and Lady Steering saw that she could not have thought of anything more calculated to win her gratitude and love.

"I am so glad you are pleased. Now tell me how the ploughing is getting on."

"Quite well. I think they find it hard work, but I have made Graves understand about short shifts. After all, we are women, dear, and it's no use pretending we are men,

or can do anything as well as they can. We haven't got the bodily strength."

This was a sentiment so entirely after Lady Steering's heart that she positively beamed on her. She was still beaming when the first guest was announced—a nervous young subaltern from Colissey Barracks, who came in fear and trembling to apologise for the adjutant, who had been called out on Sunday duty elsewhere.

He was quickly put at his ease, however, and soon after the luncheon table was full. It was a large round one, set in the recess of a very wide window, which gave the big dining-room a really mediæval look. It had been very little used of late years, owing to the amount of coal and wood required to bring the temperature up to normal requirements.

Major Halloran, a particularly jolly, typical-looking Irishman, who, for some unexplained reason, was attending to the recruiting in an English county instead of his own, was charmed to find Cicely his partner at lunch.

"Now, this is an uncommon bit of luck," he said, with just sufficient brogue to make his speech delightful. "And how's the farm getting on, and the pretty colleens, learning to plough and to sow, to reap and to mow, and to be a farmer's boy, eh?"

"All right—quite all right, though, *entre nous*, Major, the ploughing is the biggest thing we've tackled yet. It's very hard work, and I shirked it yesterday—positively slacked right off! An awful confession for a C.O. on active service to make, isn't it?"

"That depends entirely. But, now I take another look, you do seem a bit off colour, me dear. Now, you take a family man's advice, and don't overdo it. It's a holiday you're needing. Been hard at it since last summer without a break, haven't you?"

"Yes. Only one week-end in London, and that doesn't count."

"But you'll get off at Easter, won't you?"

"It isn't a question of getting off, but there isn't anywhere particular to go to," said Cicely frankly. "One doesn't spend money at health resorts in war time, even if one needed it—which I don't. And, you see, my people live in town, which isn't much of a change, though, of course, it is a rest. Mummy would spoil me dreadfully, give me breakfast in bed, and all sorts of demoralising luxuries which unfit one for the hard path of duty."

She made a pretty little *moue* as she spoke, and her eyes twinkled.

"It's a holiday you need, all the same. I'm getting one myself end of this week. Going home for Easter, I am, and as foolish as a boy over it. You see, I haven't seen the new baby yet."

"The new baby!" repeated Cicely in an awed whisper. "Is there a new baby?"

"Well, he's been there nine weeks, me dear,

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and his mother is about again. I applied for leave and got it; and I don't mind telling you I intend to kill two birds with one stone when I'm at it."

"What kind of birds?" asked Cicely with wide-open eyes.

"I want to see for meself what's going on in Dublin. There's trouble brewing in Ireland, I'm afraid, and as far as I can see, it's expected to come to a head in Easter week."

The colour rose in the girl's cheeks.

"Everybody seems to be going to Ireland for the same reason," she said irrelevantly.

"Tell me, Major Halloran, do the Irish have the second sight, same as the Scotch? You knew Major Elphinstone, didn't you? He told me he knew he should come safely through the war, but that he would lose an arm or a leg. Uncanny, isn't it? Do Irishmen know things about Ireland before they happen?"

The major stroked his massive chin.

"Well, you see, me dear, it isn't difficult to forecast a thing when it's been getting ready so long; and there has been a power of German money scattered in Ireland."

"Oh, do you think so? I so much want to ask you things about Ireland. I have a friend I am interested in who is Irish. He thinks there is going to be a great deal of trouble, and he has gone over—I think, yesterday, or is going to-day—for the same reason as you are going."



"Soon after the luncheon table was full, and Major Halloran was charmed to find Cicely his partner"—p. 495.

"What's his name? Do I know him? Is he a soldier or a politician? It's the politicians who have divided Ireland, Lady Steering, and it is they who will have to patch her up again, worse luck!"

Cicely hesitated a moment, then spoke somewhat hurriedly, the major listening with an apparently casual air, yet reading between the lines as if it had been written in plain letters for him to see.

"You know I was in France some months

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*Drawn by
Stanley Davis.*

with my aunt, who is running a hospital for the French Red Cross. There were two men there who came from the Foreign Legion. One was Lord Steering, whom I married, and the other an Irishman called Dennis Kane."

"I don't know any Kanes," answered the major slowly. "Well, what else?"

"There isn't anything else much. Only he has left the Legion, and he came here yesterday—to Deverills, I mean. Lady Steering invited him when she met him at Cœur la Reine. You see, she came to fetch me to England after her son died. You have heard the story, of course? Everybody has."

The major inclined a sympathetic head.

"He came yesterday, but Lady Steering was

in town, so he walked over to the Hall to see me. He told me he had left the Legion and was going back to Ireland."

"I see. And what was his attitude—towards the trouble?" he added significantly.

"Oh, he talks as if Ireland were under the heel of the oppressor—almost as if she were in the category with Belgium. You don't know the name of Kane, but his full name is Dennis Kane O'Rourke—you may know that—"

"The O'Rourke! Has he turned up again? Bless my heart and soul!"

Cicely, who had entirely forgotten her lunch and where she was, put a breathless question.

"You do know about him, Major Hal-loran?"

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"I know enough. A good sort, me dear, and as clever as they make 'em; but he got in with the wrong crowd, and had his head turned when he was too young to understand. So the O'Rourke has gone to Ireland?—umph."

Somehow, that monosyllable seemed to embody a lot, and Cicely's excited interest grew. Struck by her expression, the major turned to her and said in a low voice:

"Are you interested beyond the common in this rascal, me dear?"

"Rascal! Is he a rascal, Major?" and her cheeks paled.

"Only in the sense that he is a hot-headed youngster you can't help liking, in spite of his folly. In the far back days the Hallorans and the O'Rourkes had some traffic, but you can't do anything with a firebrand. Hasn't the Legion taught him better? I'll do my best to get hold of him when I get to Dublin!"

"Oh, do!" cried Cicely fervently. "I shall be so grateful."

"Is it so bad as that?" murmured the major, and at the moment, Lady Steering, disapproving of this low-toned conversation at a common table as a distinct breach of courtesy and manners, asked a question of Major Halloran which compelled it to come to an end.

Cicely was rather silent and distraught throughout the rest of the meal, and found no opportunity of resuming the talk which had interested her so acutely. Very soon afterwards Lady Steering rose, and they had to leave the men to their smoke.

Feeling that she could not be subjected to her mother-in-law's cross-questioning at the moment, Cicely escaped out of doors, glad of the cool air, for her blood was surging in her veins, and she felt worked up to a state of extraordinary tension, which certainly measured the depth of her interest in the man she had known and learned to love as Dennis Kane.

With her customary candour Cicely had faced the facts, and no longer hid from herself that she did love Dennis Kane, and that everything concerning him was of supreme moment in her eyes. She watched feverishly for the exodus of the men from the dining-room, but it was not till the moment came for them to bid their kind hostess good-bye that Major Halloran came to her side.

"Look here, me dear. I've been thinking over what you've told me—it will take more thinking—but I've hit upon a plan."

"What is it?" asked Cicely feverishly.

"You need a holiday. Why not come across to Ireland with me? My wife will be more than pleased to see you. She's as grateful as I am for the privileges I've had in this house."

"Go to Ireland with you? But, how splendid! Do you think it could be managed?"

"Managed? Why, yes; nothing easier. You leave it to me. I won't say anything to-day, but to-morrow I'll pay a duty visit to your mother-in-law, and it'll be a queer thing if I don't get her to my way of thinking. Tell me, does she know anything about the O'Rourke?"

"Only what I told you. She knows him, but nothing about—about me," said Cicely, colouring sweetly.

"Right-o. Perhaps she needn't ever know. You must be prevented making another matrimonial mistake, me dear, and the very best way to prevent it is to make the fullest inquiry about the man who is trying to persuade you to it."

"Oh, he didn't do much persuading. You see—you see, I sent him away, because he would not answer satisfactorily certain questions I put to him. It is war, Major Halloran, and if we have traitors in the camp, where are we?"

She threw up her little head with a fine noble gesture, which commanded the major's whole admiration.

"If the O'Rourke can be saved from himself, me dear—and I can tell you he is worth saving—you'll be the saviour!" he said fervently. "And he's in luck and apparently doesn't know it. Well, will you leave it to me? You'd like a trip to Ireland, wouldn't you?"

"Oh, I would! Apart from him, it would interest me beyond everything!"

"Then it'll come off," said the major without the smallest hesitation. And it did.

CHAPTER XX

Cicely in Dublin

THE mail boat from Holyhead arrived in Kingstown Harbour on one of the most exquisite mornings Cicely had ever seen.

She had slept well and soundly as the boat rocked on the choppy waters of the Irish Channel, and her eyes were bright, her cheeks pink, her whole being alive, with not a hint of night travelling or fatigue about her.

The major met her, smiling, proud of his charge, not requiring to ask how she was. The seasoned traveller carries her own credentials with her.

"We made a good run. But did you hear the rain in the night?"

"No," said Cicely. "I didn't hear anything, though I wanted to keep awake dreadfully for the submarine."

The major smiled a trifle grimly.

Lady Steering had looked aghast at the suggestion of the Irish visit. It is one thing to invite a charming man to luncheon, another to entrust him with the care of an equally charming young travelling companion.

Then, as she said plaintively, they knew

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nothing of the people on the other side, and she was not appeased until Moira Halloran, coming forward at once in the big-hearted Irish way, sent a telegram confirming her husband's invitation and adding her own. Even then Lady Steering was exceedingly dubious. She could not understand why Cicely should want to go to Ireland in such circumstances. Nevertheless, Cicely had her way.

"Oh, isn't Ireland lovely?" she cried, with a little sigh of perfect delight. "She's got a veil on, a mystery veil, to cover the sun! Is it always like that, Major? It makes me want to cry."

The major's heart was soft, and he had often been home-sick for these lovely pensive shores.

"Aye, maybe," was all he answered at the moment, and Cicely understood.

At seven o'clock they alighted from the old cab in Lower Mount Street, where he had a little town house. The other one, the home of their hearts, nestled among the Limerick hills, which Cicely was to see one day; but not yet.

An eager face, pressed against an upper window, brightened at sight of the lumbering cab, and Moira Halloran opened the door herself. Cicely made herself busy with her slender luggage at that supreme moment, after she had caught the glory in Moira Halloran's Irish eyes. Her own were a bit soft and tender when at last she had conquered a refractory strap, and the major was standing by to help her out.

Moira, in a blue *peignoir* which matched her eyes, looking incredibly young and sweet, was smiling just inside the open door. And the two girls kissed one another, and the English Rose was received into that happy corner of Ireland's garden and found it good. She was carried to her room, where a fire already burned cheerily to take the nip from the cool morning air; and her little breakfast tray was ready.

"Now, you take all that and get to bed, and I'll come and fetch you when I think you've had enough sleep," said Moira.

"Oh, but how could I sleep? I'm awake, every bit of me. Besides, I want to see the baby."

"You shall see him. He's a darling duck, and he's got Pat's eyes. Well, anyway, drink your tea, and then we'll see."

With that she took herself off, and the door was closed, and Cicely knew that all the treasures of the heart were being inspected somewhere else under that happy roof. She felt singularly alone and aloof, and throwing off her hat, she approached the window and took a long survey of Dublin roofs.

There was little more to be seen from that high window, though just a peep of the green enclosure in Fitzwilliam Square could be caught, with bare boughs waving against the cloud-flecked sky. The sky seemed very low

in the misty morning, though shafts of incredible glory from the risen sun relieved the gloom.

Cicely had a queer feeling of things hidden, of something brooding and unseen; the air seemed tense, charged with electric forces, but not sinister. The girl's spirit, quick to sense and respond to such influences, was only then conscious of a deep feeling of contentment at finding herself under the low grey skies of Ireland. No doubt this was a purely personal thing, explained by her interest in the man who had awakened her heart.

It was of him she thought as she pushed the tendrils of her hair back from her white brow, and with her chin on her hand faced the window which looked out on Dublin streets. Where was he? In which section of the city? What roof covered him? It seemed a very large city. Was it likely that they should ever meet? She admitted in her heart of hearts that probably she could only count on the hundredth chance.

She turned round, plunged her face and hands into the clear cold water, and then sat down to drink her tea. The little white bed, with the shamrock-scattered counterpane, invited her to rest; but every nerve and fibre was alive and awake, and sleep was impossible.

It was all very homey and comfortable, and Cicely, who had been living the Spartan life for many months, where morning tea and other luxuries were strictly taboo, revelled in it all. She was on holiday; she had cast the trammels, broken clean away. Something told her it was going to be a final break, that henceforth her destinies were to be irrevocably bound up with the low green island dipping down into the sea.

Hearing her moving about later, Mrs. Halloran, with the new baby in her arms and a three-year-old of adorable sweetness clinging to her skirts, knocked at the door.

"Oh, you heavenly angels!" cried Cicely, and forthwith fell down in worship at a new shrine.

Moira looked on smilingly, touched and gratified, since there is no quicker way to a mother's heart than through her children. Moira's heart was exceptionally warm, even for an Irish heart, and, happy herself, she was in the mood to love all the world. So she beheld Cicely's adoration with pride and joy.

"You like children, then? I'm so glad. Because there are five in this house, and they make what Pat calls 'a thundering row.' Don't you hear them? That's him with the boys. They're only just wakened. Such sleepy-headed little chaps, but darlings every one."

"May I have the baby?" asked Cicely, with a sweet yearning in her eyes. "Am I holding him right? He won't break, will he? You see, I've never seen one so tiny at close quarters. Oh, isn't he perfectly, adorably sweet?"

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She gathered the blue-eyed mite to her bosom, and the little toddling one crept nearer, sure of her welcome, as the child is when she discerns love in eyes not seen before.

It was a very pretty picture, of which Cicely was quite unconscious. Presently she looked up into Moira Halloran's face with wonder in her own.

"What a lot of things there are in life—lovely and incredible things! One meets new ones every day. Oh, I am so glad I came! And how lovely it was of you to have me! Now I come to think of it, it was rather an adventure. My mother-in-law wasn't sure, even, if it was quite proper!"

Moira laughed.

"Pat has been telling me. But you have been so kind to him in England, and I'm so glad. We need to understand one another better. And I do believe you've been sent to me to help. My nurse went home for the week-end to Waterford last Friday, and she has never come back, and there isn't another to be had for love or money."

"Oh, I'll be the nurse! I should love it. Only, of course, you'll have to supervise, or I'll do wrong things."

"There isn't much fear of that. We'll do them together. I'm not an experienced mother yet, though I've had five. No, there are no more nurses to be had. So many of our girls have gone to England to make munitions, and more are going. I'm rather glad the major has come. We're expecting trouble in Dublin, and though I'm not nervous, there are the children."

"What kind of trouble?" asked Cicely anxiously. "Do you mean the rebellion people are always talking about, but which nobody really expects?"

"The Sinn Feiners," answered Moira, as if that summed up everything. Cicely had heard the name before, but it conveyed no meaning to her.

"What are they?"

Moira shrugged her shoulders.

"It isn't safe to give them their true name; but, anyway, they're agin the Government. Pat wants us to get away down to Ballysinane; but it's a long journey with so many babies, and, besides, you don't want to be buried in the country. There is Dublin to see, and what's going on in it."

There was a good deal more going on in it at that moment than even the slightly initiated dreamed.

Cicely quickly settled into that delightful household, finding her niche in it, succumbing to the spell of the lovable, wayward Irish nature without a moment's delay. It provided a sharp contrast to the environment she had left, where convention, tradition, laboured courtesy ruled. Perhaps nothing appealed more to Cicely's very unconventional nature than the casual, happy-go-lucky atmosphere

prevailing in the Halloran household. It was not a makeshift atmosphere, covering incompetence and discomfort, as is so often the case. Moira was an excellent wife and mother, who gave her best to what she called her job. It was rather a free and candid air, an entire absence of pomp and ceremony, and an open-handed hospitality which Cicely had never seen excelled. The major seemed to have troops of friends, whom he brought in at all sorts of unconventional hours, expecting meals and, what was more amazing, getting them.

"This house is the most elastic I've ever seen in the world," said Cicely breathlessly on the third morning of her arrival, when she came down to find the breakfast table augmented by two new faces. "And, for goodness' sake, how many brothers have you, Major Halloran?"

"Oh, these aren't brothers exactly, me dear," said the major, with his big laugh. "They're just the boys. Ask Moira. They come just the same when I'm not here."

In the course of conversation it transpired that two more might be expected to lunch, and as Moira had a good many housekeeping affairs to see to, and as yet the nurse's post was unfilled, and the other maids had no time to spare to take out the babies, Cicely volunteered to give the children their morning outing.

"Oh, let me! I'll be ever so careful," she pleaded.

"Lady Steering nursemaid! Wheeling an Irish major's offspring in a pram! Your mother-in-law would expect the heavens to fall at the spectacle."

"Oh, they won't fall. Besides, it's a lot easier than driving a hay cart or chopping up the mangolds. And even if it were twice as hard, I'd do it and love doing it. So there!"

She had her way, and the new nursemaid, in her well-cut black coat and skirt and small hat from which she carefully removed the flowing veil, emerged triumphant from the house and headed towards the open square.

All the men had gone off immediately after breakfast, and Cicely once more felt the odd sense of something impending, some crisis approaching, in which she was to have her share.

She had a gift for locality and direction, and seldom made a mistake. The wide, beautiful square, in which many of the Irish aristocracy still held town houses, though very few of them could afford to live in them, was very quiet at that hour, and Cicely made her way right through it, enjoying pushing the perambulator, and eager to do some small shopping errands for Mrs. Halloran, who was to be busy making pastry as a stand-by for any extra meals that might be required that day or the next.

The major had talked at breakfast about

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trying to borrow or hire a car to take them all to Ballysinane, but the events of that exciting day were to put everything else out of their minds.

By the time Cicely reached the more frequented streets she became aware that there seemed to be some considerable excitement abroad. People were either hurrying hither and thither with a scared look on their faces, or standing about in little groups discussing something unusual. By the time she reached Sackville Street crowds were visible, and there seemed to be considerable uproar, as if a procession of some kind or a regimental demonstration were in progress and being impeded by the crowd. Then quite suddenly a shot rang out, followed by another and another.

Cicely, without fear for herself, but only concerned for the two children in her care, quickly turned the perambulator and began to return as fast as her legs could carry her back to Lower Mount Street. Half-way across Fitzwilliam Square she met Moira Halloran, running bareheaded, searching for her darlings.

"Pat sent that silly boy, Terry O'Neill, back to tell us the Sinn Feiners have risen, and that we are to keep indoors till he gets back. Oh, I am so thankful to see you, Cicely! Do you think we could run any faster?"

"No," said Cicely decidedly. "And don't you touch the pram. You are simply shaking all over; you will upset it. I've been down to Sackville Street, and there are awful things happening there."

"I should think so! Don't you hear the shots? They sound like machine-guns. Pat told me last night, Cicely, that there are hundreds of German machine-guns concealed in places along the coast, and that they are being secretly brought to the towns. You are sure they aren't coming this way?" she added, casting a fearful glance behind.

"Quite sure. And, anyway, we are just at



"'Oh, isn't he perfectly, adorably sweet?' said Cicely"—p. 499.

Drawn by
Stanley Davis.

home. You seem awfully frightened, Mrs. Halloran. Do you really think, or does the major think, it can amount to anything serious?"

"He doesn't like what he has heard at the club and other places since he arrived. I wish he had come back himself instead of sending Terry. You know what he is. He will be in the thick of everything; and I told him it would be very ignominious to be killed in the streets of Dublin. Besides, I want him alive."

Cicely laughed at that, for Moira said it so quaintly, and looked so sweet and young as she picked up the sleeping infant from the perambulator and ran up the steps with it, leaving Cicely to retrieve the two-year-old,

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and rang the area bell for the maid to come and take in the baby-carriage.

Moirá, whose mind and thoughts were now entirely engrossed by fears for her husband's safety, went right up to the nursery with the children, and left Cicely in the dining-room. The windows were both open, so that the rattle of the guns only a few streets away sounded quite clearly.

Cicely felt her excitement rising, and, urged by some blind impulse for which she could not account, she presently picked up her gloves again, took a stick from the hall-stand, and marched forth on a voyage of discovery.

"If that Terry boy had only been in we could have gone together. He knows the geography of Dublin. But, anyhow, I must see what is going on," she murmured to herself.

But deeper far than mere curiosity regarding one of the most amazing side-issues of the war was a kind of prevision, almost a certainty, that in some strange way it was going to affect her personally.

She knew that it could only do so through Dennis Kane. (She could never call him *Terry* O'Rourke; he was likely to be Dennis Kane to her to the end of the chapter.) And she felt assured, by some inner consciousness which had no facts to support it, that she had come to Ireland to meet him. Equally certain did she feel that she was going forth now on some high adventure, and so fearful was she of being kept back by Moira Halloran that she closed the door very softly and simply ran across the street, keeping on the inside of the square, so that she could not be seen even from the upper windows.

She could hear perfectly that curious hum which distance gives to the uproar made by a hostile crowd. It was punctuated by the short, sharp bark of rifle and machine-gun fire. Cicely ran, not knowing why she ran, only sure that she must be in the thick of things.

When she reached Sackville Street she was thrilled and partly horrified to see that the work of destruction had begun. It reminded her of a little French town she had seen in process of being shelled and demolished by the Germans. She met refugees, less courageous than herself, running in all directions, not slow to warn her against going forward; but, upheld and driven by some inward purpose, she held on until she found herself in the very thick of the fight.

It was an extraordinary scene, a deplorable comment on the internal affairs of a great Empire to see such fierce conflict between its units. The rebels were in possession of many points of vantage, and were firing recklessly yet with deadly precision from every window, and from behind the rough, hastily improvised barricades that had been thrown up across the street.

Then suddenly Cicely knew that she had to help, for there were wounded and bleeding people on the pavements and on the rough causeway. She forgot everything but the ministry of healing and succour she had learned under the Red Cross Flag. There were other strange flags blowing in the wind of that blustering April morning, which stood for a misguided love of country and were really treachery against the law and order which are the only foundations for a people's good.

Cicely was not the only woman, for there were many others, wild-eyed and desperate at heart, supporting the rebel columns, while some were, like her, bent on errands of mercy.

Fires had already started, and the sweet air was hot with smoke and flame; and the rattle of the guns went on, mingled with hoarse cries and curses, which brought back to the girl's mind all the stories she had read of the surging crowds before the barricades of Paris. The days of the Terror, and later of the Commune, had interested her deeply, and while at Neuilly she had explored every bit of old Paris, and had been able, with her quick imagination, to conjure up wild, stirring pictures of the past.

They surely had their parallel here. While she bent to her task of unloosing collars and neck-cloths, and stanching blood from wounds with whatever material she could find, even calmly removing her white muslin underskirt for the purpose, she felt the thrill of it all, and wondered whether Ireland would really march through this blood and terror to the peace and liberty of which she had so passionately dreamed.

People spoke to her whom she had never seen before, thanked her, even, for what she was doing; but none interfered, nor yet bade her begone. She had no consciousness of the lapse of time, but moved swiftly to and fro in the surge of the street where the battle was thickest; and then quite suddenly she made pause, for across the gutter, with a bullet wound in his chest, from which the blood poured freely, lay the man she had come to Ireland to see!

"Thank God! Now I know," she whispered as she bent over him. But what it was she knew she did not say.

Over her arm hung the remnant of her white underskirt, from which the frills had already been torn to stanch the blood of Irish patriots and their innocent victims; and tearing a strip from it, she bent to her task of stanching the life-blood of the man she loved.

What he was doing there, whether fighting with or against the rebels, whether he was a Sinn Féiner in actual deed or merely a looker-on, she did not know. To her that mattered not at all. She knew, as she bent over him, calling up every atom of the knowledge she possessed, the noise of battle and

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the shrill cries of people carried away by the lust and passion of the moment, were all swept away, and nothing remained but one stupendous fact.

She realised, too, that hers was the deathless love which, understanding all, forgives all, and she was lifted by it clean above the awful and momentous issue of the hour, beyond all personal or party feeling, into a clearer region where love and sorrow and sacrifice reigned supreme.

Then there whizzed through the air another bullet, which found its mark in the slight woman's figure bending low in her work of necessity and mercy. And Cicely remembered no more.

CHAPTER XXI

In the Hospital—Wounded

WHEN she awoke it was night and the lights were low.

The red glow of firelight was in the place where she lay, but the window opposite was open, and a flood of moonlight shone, white and exquisite, across the floor. It was a quite bare floor, and a basket-chair stood before the fireplace, in which sat a nurse's figure, asleep over the page of an open book.

"I'm in hospital," said Cicely to herself, and sank back very noiselessly to gather her scattered senses.

She was conscious of no pain, but only a stiffness on the left shoulder, which was presently explained when her hand wandered to it and found a surgical bandage. Then all came back, and she moved so quickly and restlessly that the nurse sprang up, convicted of being asleep on duty. But she had had no respite for eighteen hours and was worn out.

Her kind hand touched the patient's forehead, and her eyes were both smiling and tender.

"Well, how is it?" she asked. "Have you any pain?"

Cicely shook her head, essayed to speak, and was surprised to find her voice a whisper.

"Where am I?"

"In hospital."

"I can see that. But when and how did I get here?"

"You're in a private hospital—Mr. Moynahan's."

"Did they fetch me here off the street? What happened? Was I shot? I don't seem to remember."

"You had a bullet; but it is not serious—a flesh wound in the shoulder. But it was very jagged and had to be stitched up. You had a good deal of anæsthetic—you took it rather well—and have been asleep a long time."

"Have I? But how is it I don't remember in between who brought me here?"

"Mr. Moynahan, in his car."

"I see. And do they know at Lower Mount Street where I am and what has happened?"

The nurse shook her head.

"Nobody knows anything—not even your name. What is it?"

"My name? Oh, that doesn't matter. Send to Lower Mount Street. I'm staying at Major Halloran's house. I came from England only three days ago."

"Better have stopped there, I should think," said the nurse, who was Scotch and spoke with a strong Aberdeen accent, which sounded not harshly but sweetly to Cicely's ears, for it conveyed a sense of strength and kindness and steadfastness comforting to a weak body. "Now you mustn't talk any more, or I'll go and fetch Sister."

"Oh, but I must talk! Can you send to the Hallorans to tell them where I am? They must think I'm killed, or something equally dreadful."

"In the morning. It's only two o'clock now. I'll ring them up, if they have a telephone, before I go off duty."

"They haven't a telephone."

"Then I'll go myself. Now you must drink this and sleep again. Sleep's the thing. I never get enough. It's the only thing that reconciles one to the long last sleep—it'll be satisfying."

"Oh, but, Nurse—"

"Well, what is it now? You haven't a temperature, I can see, or it would be as much as my post is worth to let you go on talking. I've seen temperatures rise before now because no answer could be got to questions."

"So have I. I'm a sort of a nurse myself," said Cicely. "Tell me, were any more patients brought here besides me?"

"No. Mr. Moynahan himself was passing by, or trying to pass, in his motor, and he brought you."

"I was looking after a wounded man," said Cicely, flushing slightly. "Do you know what became of him?"

"No; but the ambulance would take him in due course. I guess he's in one of the big hospitals. They're full everywhere, and beds in the corridors. Ghastly business, sure enough, and what they want heaven alone knows. You should see Dublin now. It looks as if it might be in German occupation. Now do go to sleep."

Cicely closed her eyes. She had learned all she wished to know, and must now ponder on the situation. Presently, not yet free from the power of the drug, she drifted once more into the land of dreams and visions, and when she finally awoke the sun had taken the moon's place and was shining serenely on a newly devastated world, which gave ocular demonstration of the incredible folly and shortsightedness of men, and of the havoc that can be wrought by passions out of control.

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A fresh nurse bent over Cicely this time, and she looked round restlessly for the kind Scotch face.

"Where is the other nurse?" she asked, disappointed.

"Nurse Macdonald? She's off duty."

"Do you know whether she has gone to Major Halloran's house in Lower Mount Street?"

"Yes, she has. Here is Mr. Moynahan coming. He's been here twice this morning, but I wouldn't have you wakened."

Cicely had very small interest in the great surgeon, though she summoned a smile in answer to his greeting.

He was a very tall, lean person, with the keenest eyes and mouth Cicely had ever seen in her life. But she had no fear of man, and had long since discovered that even very great surgeons are only men.

"Well," he said, "have you had enough of the Sinn Feiners?"

"I wasn't thinking about them. Please, can I get up?"

"Some day, please God," he answered lightly. "How's the shoulder?"

"Stiff, but not sore. Oh, please don't take it down. Couldn't I go home—back to where I'm living, and get well there?"

"Are we so bad to you here?" he asked. "Some would be glad to come in and ask no questions."

"Really sick folks, of course. But I'm feeling quite well in my body, only my mind isn't easy."

"It'll get easier before we're done with you," he answered pleasantly, and, sitting down on the side of the bed near the foot, he looked at her as if he found the vision pleasant.

"Now, young lady, what were you doing roaming about Sackville Street in the thick of it, eh?"

"I was just roaming, that's all."

"Natural curiosity of woman, eh?"

"Yes—Eve on the prowl."

"And were you satisfied with what you saw? You'll be getting a V.C. You helped such a lot of folk. Are you a nurse by profession?"

"One of the makeshift ones. I was in a hospital under the French Red Cross at Fouches."

"And what wind blew you across to us?"

"I came on a visit to the Hallorans. Do you know them?"

"Yes. I was at school with Pat Halloran. Now perhaps we'll get at your name?"

"My name? Oh, Cicely Steering."

"Miss, I suppose?"

"No."

"Mrs., then," he said in surprise.

"Lady Steering," answered Cicely unwillingly. "Please, how many more questions?"

"That'll do. And I'll motor round to the

Hallorans, soon as I am done here, and relieve their anxiety."

"May I ask a question now?"

"Yes, one or two."

"What happened to the poor people who were hurt in the streets?"

"Same as happened to you. They were all housed in the hospitals last night. They're chock-full, and private houses have had to be commandeered."

"I suppose nobody knew what happened to the man I was seeing to?"

Mr. Moynahan shook his head.

"He was only one in the crowd."

"Yes; but I know him, and I want somebody to find out about him for me."

"I see. What was his name? English, Scotch or Irish? All sorts were in the mêlée."

"Irish. His name is Dennis Kane O'Rourke."

"The O'Rourke! Heavens, was he in it?" exclaimed Moynahan. "Where and how did you get to know him, dear lady?"

"In France. I met him here by accident. At least, I didn't meet him. I only saw him as he lay after he was shot. I was trying to help him when my bullet came."

"Probably saved his life. What I can't make out is how I missed him. I know O'Rourke, though he disappeared from Irish life a few years ago. I'll have some inquiries made; but it will take some time. Here comes some visitor. Too early for visitors," he said with a pretended frown, as Moira Halloran appeared on the threshold.

"Good morning, Mr. Moynahan. Dear child, to think you should be lying here!" she said, darting forward to kiss Cicely. "What a night of horror and anxiety we have had, until your kind nurse brought us information about you. You look wonderfully well on the whole. She isn't seriously hurt, I hope, Mr. Moynahan?"

"Oh, no; she's going to survive. How's Pat?"

"Pat is quite well."

"Is he only on leave, or has he been sent to take over the defence of Dublin?"

"Only on leave. Can I take Lady Steering home with me now?"

"You can not, dear lady," said the surgeon briefly. "What is the matter with my quarters? A good many quite nice people have found them comfortable."

"Oh, it isn't that; but she's our guest, and we are responsible for her."

"How did you allow her loose in the streets yesterday, then?" he asked bluntly.

"You'd better answer that, Cicely. It's the question we've all been asking ourselves. What did you do it for?"

"I wanted to see what was going on."

"And she got her reward—she saw the worst of it. Have you been down in the city, Mrs. Halloran? It's pretty bad."

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"In the sunk garden Dennis and Cicely found themselves alone"—p. 509.

Drawn by
Stanley Davis.

"Not yet. I don't want to go, either. Do you think the worst is over, Mr. Moynahan?"

"Faith, and if I could tell you that I would be worth something. I don't like the look of things yet. Well, I must be off, for I've got forty-eight hours' work to do in twenty-four. And I was only two hours on the sofa last night. She'll be quite all right. Yes, you may talk a little, provided you don't over-tire her. Perhaps we may let her back to Lower Mount Street on Sunday. Tell Pat to come round and smoke a pipe with me to-night, about half-past ten. If I find I have to be out I'll let him know."

"We haven't got a telephone, remember; but he'll come on chance," said Moira, and then drew up the basket-chair to the side of Cicely's bed and looked at her very steadily.

"Do you know that you are a very naughty young woman, and I'm not forgiving you yet? You had Pat and me nearly frantic. Don't you think it was a foolish thing to do? You might so easily have been killed."

"I didn't think of that. Don't be angry, dear Mrs. Halloran. It doesn't suit you one little bit. It just had to be. That is why I came to Dublin. There's more in it than I can tell you, and the end hasn't come yet. I

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keep on being frightfully sleepy, but I do want to see the major. Do you think he could come and see me to-day?"

"Sure, now Moynahan says you aren't seriously injured and hasn't forbidden you to talk. I'll send him round after lunch. Of course, he's down in the thick of things this morning. They're still holding out in houses; with machine-guns and rifles. It isn't over yet, dear," she added with a shiver. "I do wish we were all safe at Ballysineane."

Cicely could not honestly share that fervent wish, though she understood the mother's anxiety about her little brood. True to her promise, Moira sent the major round after lunch, and Cicely was very wide awake indeed when he came into the room.

"I'm quite all right, and please don't shy horrid things at me. They've all said them, so you must prove the solitary exception to the rule," she said, with her most adorable smile. "Major, I wanted to see you dreadfully, to tell you something."

"Yes? What's that?"

"I saw Mr. O'Rourke on Sackville Street. In fact, I came on him lying on the pavement, bleeding from a wound. I was rendering first aid to him with—wath part of my white underskirt for a bandage," she added, with a queer, choking little laugh, "when another bullet found me."

"Bless my heart and soul! He was lying outside! That means that he wasn't fighting for them inside. The beggars had machine-guns at the windows and snipers everywhere."

"I know. It was just like the French front. No; I think he could only have been a spectator, like me. I hope he was, Major. Will you do something for me?"

"Done, if possible."

"Go and find him. He must be in one of the hospitals. I can't rest till I know what has become of him. And I want to find out two things—whether he is alive and whether he was on the Sinn Feiners' side."

The major shook his head.

"I'm afraid from what I know of him, me dear, that he *will* be on their side."

"Then I hope he's dead," said Cicely, and turned her face to the wall.

Pat Halloran went out to ponder on that utterance, and to reflect on the combined luck and folly of Dennis O'Rourke to have aroused the interest of a peerless creature like Cicely, and to permit even the wrongs of his country to endanger his chance of winning her.

Mr. Moynahan found his patient not so well later in the day, and forbade visitors till further permission. She made no protest, but lay quietly, mostly with her eyes closed, her splendid vitality seeming to have suffered a serious check.

Even telegrams from England of anxious inquiry and solicitude failed to rouse her to more than a passing interest.

"Send two telegrams, Nurse Macdonald," was all she said. "One to Marsham, Streatham Hill, and one to Lady Steering, Deverills, Much Havers, Herts; and say I am getting on all right and will be home as soon as they allow me to travel."

Sunday afternoon the major arrived at the nursing home and was allowed to interview Cicely.

"Well," she said, looking up at him more brightly than usual. "Any luck?"

"Yes, me dear. I've found the broth av a bhoy!" he answered jovially. "Looking an interesting hero, as if he had come back from the front. The bandage on his head suits him down to the ground, and all the nurses are in love with him."

"Can he talk, and does he understand anything?" she asked, with a touch of severity which had no effect whatever on Pat Halloran.

"Faith, and that's a poser, and no mistake! The trouble with the O'Rourke is that he's always been after understanding a lot more than was good for him. His digestion couldn't stand it; but I've given him a good talking to, and I think he's going to be all right."

"And did you tell him about me?" asked Cicely, and the faint pink began to creep up over her pale face and a partial glory to her speaking eyes.

"No, me dear. That's your very own job."

"He doesn't know I—I was there with him in the street?"

"No, me dear; and as for the torn petticoat, wild horses wouldn't drag it from me. But I did ask the nurse, a little colleen from the Curragh Hospital, whether she had kept the bandage they took off, and whin she said she hadn't, I said she'd destroyed what the Bank of Ireland would not have enough gold inside of it to pay for."

"Oh, Major Halloran, you're an awful tease, and I wonder that Moira puts up with you. What do they say of him at the hospital? Will he get well?"

"What do you want me to say, me dear? For last time I was here you hoped the poor boy would die, and that's the truth."

"Don't be silly, but answer my question," was all Cicely said.

"Oh, he'll get better right enough, though there'll be something wanting to finish the cure not to be found in that big barn of a place. So get you up, me dear, for your job in this distressful country isn't finished yet."

CHAPTER XXII

Dennis and Cicely Join Hands

"IT'S a dream of heavenly beauty, and how you ever live in Lower Mount Street, Dublin City, when you have such a place to come to, I can't think!" said Cicely, as she stood with Moira Halloran on the

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terrace in front of Ballysinane and looked across the sweep of misty hills and lakes and woods which sloped towards the sea.

"It's very pretty," Moira admitted. "But five miles from a station, my dear, when you are too poor to keep horses or motors, and a long railway journey before and behind to a man that gets only four days' leave once in a blue moon, that explains Lower Mount Street, Cicely."

"Yes, of course; but it's a lovely dream, all the same, and I'm beginning to understand something about the Irish now. There's a witchery, an enchantment, something in the air of Ireland that makes you feel different about every mortal thing."

Moira smiled and turned her head away as if she feared her smile might be questioned. For Cicely's eyes were misty, like the Irish skies, and there was a quivering sweetness about her mouth which bespoke something tugging at her heart-strings.

"I'd love to stop here indefinitely, Moira. But I must get away back to my mangolds and my cows, or I shall be permanently disabled," she said quaintly. "I feel the early symptoms already. For instance, I don't want to get up in the mornings, and when I am up I only lounge about and look at beauty spots. The war isn't over, either, but getting worse every day."

"It's going to be over this autumn, some think; and, anyway, it can't be any more pressing than it was, for Pat has got extension of his leave for four days."

"Oh, how glad I am! Is that why he looks so excited this morning? And why wouldn't he take me driving to the station? I haven't forgiven him yet."

"Well, he had a lot to do and, I rather think, promised to give somebody who hasn't even one horse to his name a lift from the mail train."

"What does he think about the Sinn Feiners now, Moira?"

"Oh, only that they're suppressed for the moment. The whole country is seething with their restlessness. I don't mean that all Ireland is Sinn Fein, Cicely—God forbid!—but a noisy minority can shove a good-living majority into the background for quite a while. I just go on hoping it will sort itself out; but Ireland has always been like it, and always will be. I don't see much good in trying to change it."

"Oh, but what a hopeless doctrine! And the people are such dears. There have been mistakes made, Moira—the very kind of mistakes Germany made about us. Our politicians have neglected the study of Irish psychology."

"Have they?" asked Moira innocently, watching the gambols of the two-year-old on the neglected tennis lawn, among some tame rabbits and an agitated and barking puppy. "It sounds a long word, and I don't just

know what it means. Look here, Cicely! Now the mist has lifted, do you catch that gleam of water across the valley, just at the bottom of the big hill? Slieve Oyne, that is."

"Yes, of course."

"Well, just beyond that, do you see a white house against the firs?"

"I think I see it."

"Well, if you think Ballysinane pretty, you ought to see Mullamore. It's a perfect and unforgettable dream."

"Whose is it?"

"It belongs to an absentee landlord, as so many of poor Ireland's best places do."

"Why is he an absentee?" Cicely asked; but Moira merely shook her head and murmured, "Ask me another."

"If they'd stop half of their silly legislation at Westminster, and pass a new law to make Irish landlords live on their estates and look after their own people, and spend their money in the country, it would help, wouldn't it, Moira?"

"It would. But even then there wouldn't be enough of money to build up all the walls and repair the fences and hang the gates straight."

Cicely sighed.

"Four days' extra leave the major has got? That will be next Tuesday. Did you say Mr. Moynahan was coming down over the weekend? Do you think it likely he'll let me go back with the major?"

"I think it unlikely, my dear, as I shall forbid him even to think of it."

"Oh, but, Moira, I must. I don't in the least know how they're getting on over there. Do you think any more letters will ever come to Ireland?"

"Maybe; and, anyway, it won't matter. Though I couldn't live without Pat's. If we could be cut off clean for a while, it might be the making of us. But, seriously, Cicely, you *will* stop here for a month at least? What will the children and I do without you? And I want you to get to know what the politicians call rural Ireland. It's delightful. And then you can go home and write a book on 'How Ireland can be saved.'"

Cicely put her hand over the laughing mouth.

"Moira, you little— No, I won't say it."

"I don't mind if you do. But Pat says you could write a book. He thinks you're a genius."

Cicely affected horror.

"There is nothing on earth I want less to be. Do I look like a genius, Moira Halloran?"

"Well, to be candid, you don't. Your clothes don't fit the part, to say nothing of your face."

They laughed together at that, and Cicely made a sudden bound to the lawn, where the children played, Moira looking after her with a tender, rather motherly smile on her lips.

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When she heard the rumble of the dogcart wheels a little later, she went round to the stableyard to meet it.

"Well, did he come, Pat?" she asked breathlessly.

"He did, me dear. He's safe at Mullamore."

"And did you invite us all over on Sunday?"

"I did; and he'll be ready."

"Pat, you never gave the show away, did you? He doesn't know she's here, does he?"

The major shook a very emphatic head.

"Divil a bit! That would be finishing the job properly in the wrong way. You never know, with that sort; they run away from things other men would give their ears for."

"And what did he say about things in general?"

"Oh, he's coming over to Colissey as soon as he's fit."

Moirá clapped her hands, then suddenly became thoughtful.

"I'm not being sure, Pat, whether we shouldn't have waited and let her see him first in uniform."

"We can't afford to wait with her sort, me dear. No, nor Dennis can't. The business must be clinched in Ireland, or it'll be off, you can take it from me, darling."

"Oh, she's such a dear, and I hope he's good enough!" cried Moirá impulsively.

"None of us are good enough," said the major, with a sober note in his voice. "But he's going to be. She'll lift him clean up."

Moirá agreed. Yet, as her sweet eyes wandered to the white front of Mullamore, now showing with startling clearness against the vivid green of the budding trees, her eyes were misty too, and she felt that strange hush of the spirit which deep feeling brings when it can find no expression.

The days glided by sweetly in that peaceful spot, and late on Saturday night Mr. Moynahan, the surgeon, arrived to spend his quiet Sunday with his old friends.

At forty he was still a bachelor, and it was easy to see that it was not altogether the old friends that had acted as the magnet drawing him to Ballysinane from distracting duties in Dublin. His deep eyes followed Cicely about, and his inquiries about her health had more solicitude in them than is usual even from a really interested doctor to a favourite patient.

Cicely, as usual, was quite unconscious of it. She had neither vanity nor coquetry about her, though she was always ready for a quip or a jest. It never occurred to her that the great surgeon might have succumbed to the magic of her bright eyes; and the Hallorans, with their own tremendous secret in the background, were far too wise to hint at it.

Sunday morning they drove to a little church in the valley six miles away, where

Cicely was glad to be able to return thanks for her escape; and after lunch the big drag with four horses, which the major had collected up from various sources, was ready to take them out again.

"Surely we are getting plenty of fresh air!" said Cicely demurely, looking up into Mr. Moynahan's face. "Where are we going to now?"

Moirá pointed to the white house, gleaming like a gem in its setting of green against the silver of the lake.

"We're asked to tea by the absentee," she answered. "He came home unexpectedly on Thursday, and Pat has seen him since."

Cicely asked no more questions, but was ready, as always, to enjoy whatever came along. She was ready, too, to point out all the entrancing beauties of the district to Mr. Moynahan, who sat on the back seat of the drag with her.

When they were about two miles from their destination the major without any warning drew up the team and spoke over his shoulder to Cicely:

"I'd like you to come on the box-seat, Cicely. I want to talk to you now."

"All right," said Cicely; and before Moynahan could help her she had swung herself to the ground. The transfer was quickly and laughingly made, and immediately Moirá, as if determined on it, engaged the surgeon in most engrossing conversation, leaving the major a chance to say what he wished without being overheard.

"Cicely, I'm not sure whether we oughtn't to have told you sooner. It's the O'Rourke's place we're heading for."

"Oh, how interesting," said Cicely; but her voice was cold as ice.

"And, worse than that, he's there to meet us."

"Then I'll get down, if you please," said Cicely, and her face paled in the soft sunlight, also her eyes hardened. "It was unfair, Major, and I should never have expected you to do it."

"You are not getting down here, me dear," said the major, quietly but very firmly.

"Oh, yes, I am. There's a little cottage over there in the middle of that bog. I'll make love to the owner of it and get her to give me a cup of tea, and you can pick me up as you go by."

The major merely tightened his hand on the reins.

"Listen to me, me dear. Dennis knows you are coming."

"He knows I'm coming! Then you hadn't the right to do that, Major, and if you don't stop immediately I'll jump off without."

"Faith, and you're fit enough, you fire-brand! But it won't come off this time. You've got to be very, very kind to the O'Rourke, Cicely; and there's a power of

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things at Mullamore he'll be the better of your advice about."

Cicely answered not, but turned away a pink, rebellious cheek, and there was storm in her eyes.

"There isn't much time to lose, either, with the advice, unless you stop behind to see it carried out. You see, he's going back to Colissey with me."

"What for?" came short and sharp from the girl's lips.

"Can't you guess what for? If you can't you don't deserve to be told. Oh, thim cattle!" he said, relapsing into the deepest brogue, as he often did when moved. "Whoever has the handling av thim deserves to be strung from the nearest gallows-tree! Now, look at this gateway! A shame and disgrace, isn't it? and needing the hand of a mistress to make it straight."

The gateway, a beautiful specimen of Florentine wrought-iron work, brought overseas when Mullamore was in its full glory, hung loosely on its hinges, broken in part, the stone balustrade supporting it crumbling, as if some hidden blight consumed it.

Cicely never spoke. Something gripped her heart as they swept up the long avenue, where the sap was rising in the boughs and all nature crooning of the coming summer. All the windows of the old house were open to the sun, and before the old battlemented door stood its lord and master, with his hand bandaged, thinner than ever, but otherwise unchanged.

He shook hands with them all, coming last of all to Cicely, to whom he did not speak at all, nor she to him. There are moments when words are either unnecessary or superfluous; this was one.

His chance came after the tea they had—a great, generous, Irish meal, set out on a wonderful carved table in the raftered hall, where the fragrant logs spluttered forth a true Irish welcome from the wide stone fireplace.

Cicely had very little to say as the meal progressed; but there was plenty of chatter, and the O'Rourke did well the honours of his

house. After tea they sorted themselves out, and in the sunk garden, relic of some dead and gone lady of Mullamore, Dennis and Cicely found themselves alone.

"The dream has come true," he said simply, "and you've come to stop."

"Have I?" asked Cicely innocently. "And shall I be picking you up in Dublin streets again and binding you up with my petticoat lace?"

Her glance was saucy, though her lips trembled, and his colour rose.

"Did you see me in Dublin streets? Were you the woman they told me of who saved my life?"

She nodded.

"Well, then, what are you going to do with the life you've saved?" he asked.

"What are *you* going to do with the life I have saved?" she retorted, quick as lightning.

"I'm going to England—to Colissey—with Pat. Hasn't he told you?"

Cicely did not answer aye or no.

"A commission?" she asked instead.

"No fear. I'll fight my way up."

"But why Colissey? Better the Irish Guards, or some other Irish regiment. You've a pace to set, don't you see, in your own country?"

"If it is your command it will be obeyed," he answered.

Then a silence fell upon them, and the quaint old-world charm of the garden encompassed them, and the spell of Ireland deepened in Cicely's heart, and she knew that she had come home.

"You like the place, my darling?" he asked anxiously. "I shall see it for ever now through your eyes."

"I like the place," she answered, and her eyes swam in delicious tears. "And when the war is over, and we're both done doing our bit for the Empire, we'll come back and do our bit for our own corner of it. Moira says the absentee is the curse of Ireland. We'll not be absentees, Dennis."

"God speed the day!" said the O'Rourke as he took her to his heart.

[THE END.]



NEW SERIAL BY H. A. VACHELL

Next month's *QUIVER* will contain the long opening instalment of a New Serial by H. A. Vachell, the author of "Quinneys." Do not miss this splendid story.

For full particulars, see page 523.

HEROES OF THE MERCANTILE MARINE

Tales of the Torpedoed Tar

By CHARLES T. BATEMAN

BRITISH sailors have contributed such heroic deeds to the defence of the Empire and to the happiness and comfort of its people during the war that they have increased the enormous debt of gratitude from everyone who acknowledges the British flag. Not only the Navy, but the Mercantile Marine has risked life and limb against the operations of a cruel and unscrupulous foe. The German commanders, without mercy and warning, have in the darkness of night torpedoed defenceless ships and sent to the bottom hundreds of brave men and boys. Yet with the indomitable pluck characteristic of the race the survivors have returned to their port, and after refitting have immediately sought another ship. I know of men, with an experience of five ships sunk under them by the enemy, who are to-day still pursuing their calling. This is dauntless heroism.

Where the Submarine Lies in Wait

As every intelligent student of the war is aware, there are strategic points along the trade routes skirting our shores where the submarine lies in wait, ready to submerge if a destroyer comes in sight, but on the scent for the ship of commerce without adequate means of protection. When the German tracks its prey the commanders endeavour to destroy the ship and murder the crew, leaving the survivors—sometimes dying and wounded—to the mercy of an open boat sometimes for five or six days, caring nothing whether the men get to shore or perish.

I can record numbers of cases of fiendish cruelty, some of which, like those of the *Lusitania*, *Falaba*, and the *Belgian Prince* may be well known. There are others of which the general public has never heard.

Let me take two illustrations told me at western ports by those who had the story direct from the sailors.

At dead of a March night, with the air

full of snow and the atmosphere bitterly cold, a ship was proceeding from a Welsh port to Belfast. Without warning, a German submarine fired a torpedo, inflicting terrible injuries on the vessel and causing the captain to order the men to the boats. Struck about 2.30 A.M., many of the crew were asleep in their bunks. On the alarm being given, they turned out immediately—several without adequate protection against the weather, which was as severe as during any period of the winter. Some of the stokers came up from the engine-room in their shirts, fearing to delay escape by seeking their greatcoats or oilskins, and at least half of the men were without boots and socks.

Three-o'clock Misery

This condition of misery in the boats at three o'clock in the morning during the winter's extremity may be imagined, especially when it is remembered that a five hours' journey lay between the survivors and the land. Adding to their discomfort were the snowstorms that followed them almost the whole of the distance to the shore.

About eight o'clock they landed at a tiny Welsh hamlet and made their way to the nearest cottages from the shore. Those without foot covering had to trudge across the snow and ice, and arrived more dead than alive. Limited as were the resources of these humble Welsh people, they gave freely and ungrudgingly of their poverty. An invasion of thirty-seven hungry, partially-clad, torpedoed mariners, without notification, afforded a serious problem; but the Welsh men and women set to work and provided a meal and, as far as resources permitted, clothing, socks, and boots.

Even after the few inhabitants in the village had robbed themselves of ordinary necessities to supply the sailors, there remained many still barefooted and lack-

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ing a satisfactory defence against the weather. The villagers, therefore, provided conveyances so that those without boots could be saved the tramp to the nearest port.

A Harrowing Trudge

Accordingly, officers and men started on the journey, but presently the ice and snow on the roads proved so difficult for the horses that it became necessary for those in the conveyances to get out and walk the remaining five miles.

I will not harrow the feelings of readers by describing the sufferings of the men trudging over the snow and ice on that bitterly cold March day. When they reached their destination many feet were bleeding and half frozen, and the majority of the men were broken by their experiences. Baths, hot food, beds, and a complete refitment eventually restored their vitality. The next day their native spirits had sufficiently recovered to permit them to contemplate another ship's voyage.

The second story illustrates the self-denying heroism of the British sailor. It was related to me by one who is well acquainted with the seafaring man and his dangerous duty.

"There arrived here," he said, "at 11.30 A.M. on Sunday, April 1st, part of the crew of the *s.s. Glenogle*. Included in the company were twenty-four men, of whom seventeen were Chinamen—the officers were Britishers. These poor fellows, after their ship was torpedoed, remained in an open boat for five days. The first three days each had a gill

of water and a sea biscuit, but during the last two days neither food nor water was obtainable, and you can picture their awful condition on arriving at the Institute. One was carried in on an ambulance, and all the others required assistance.

"They had been attacked by the enemy 220 miles from the nearest Light, and this boatload was one of six set adrift from the ship. It was the only company to reach our port.

"Many in this boatload suffered from serious frost-bites, but by skilful treatment on the part of doctors and nurses their limbs were spared. To their credit, the British officers endured the greatest exposure to the weather after leaving the ship. They remained at the tiller the



A British Vessel being Torpedoed.

An actual photograph taken by the captain of a U-boat.

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whole five days, placed the Chinamen at the bottom of the boat, and covered them up as far as possible. This heroic sacrifice saved the Chinamen's lives, but the officers, as a consequence, met with terrible hardships, and only by the most careful attention did they recover sufficiently to enable them to proceed to their homes. We despaired of saving one of the limbs of the Quartermaster—a courageous young fellow—who had kept at the tiller long after he was frost-bitten. After he reached his home several months elapsed before he recovered."

Frequently the men are scalded by escaping steam when the torpedo hits the engine-room, lose a limb or suffer injuries of a more or less permanent character. Here, for instance, is the case of a man who has faced death four times. He was saved from the *Titanic*, was on the *Alcantara* during her fight with the German raider *Grieff*, joined the hospital ship *Britannic*, sunk by the enemy, and was afterwards sent to another hospital ship torpedoed by the Germans. In the last disaster he received injuries to his head and eye, and for some months remained on the sick list.

Readers are aware also that in some of the minor reverses of the war officers and men of the Mercantile Marine have been taken prisoners by the enemy and undergone unnecessary privation through the insufficient allowance of food permitted them by the German authorities. But for the help rendered by British organisations many of these brave sailors must have starved. The total lack of comforts in these internment camps is still appalling, even though some of the more flagrant abuses have been remedied.

A young Japanese sailor who made his plucky escape from Germany told me that he must have died but for the generous parcels from England. Life in the internment camps was almost unendurable. Hard, laborious work in loading and unloading ships, long hours, and treatment such as was formerly meted out to slaves, was his unpleasant experience. He risked his life to escape in the hold of a Norwegian ship, and fortunately succeeded in the attempt.



"With the flag flying to the last."

Hurrying to the rescue of the crew of a torpedoed merchant

Many stories of self-sacrificing deeds on the part of both officers and men could be quoted. They have frequently taken risks to save a pet dog, cat, or bird, and disregarded the extra labour or attention that these efforts involved. The *Companion-ship of the Sea* is as renowned for its

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*Drawn by
Montagu Dawson.*

notable deeds as the *Companionship of the Bath*.

At one port where crews from torpedoed vessels have been landed I heard of the straits to which the apprentices and other lads in the merchant service were subjected by the enemy's attacks. They do not desire

special treatment and are ready to face danger like the older men; but the fact speaks volumes for the race of seamen we are training who face the perils of the ocean's highways during war time. A boy on his first voyage had, before leaving home, promised his mother a silk dress. He kept

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his word, and at the eastern port of call purchased the material and for safety placed it in his cabin. The ship proceeded homewards, and everything went satisfactorily until it reached the Channel. Here the German torpedo attacked the vessel, and in a few minutes it settled down in the water owing to the severe injuries received.

The Romance of a Silk Dress

Thinking first of his mother's present, the boy dashed to his bunk for the silk dress. When he again reached the deck the ship was sinking and the water deep enough for him to flounder into it. To his dismay, also, the boat had pulled off from the ship. Feeling like crying, as he afterwards admitted, he was forced for his own safety to throw on one side his mother's present and strike out for the boat.

Some of the boys have reached port drenched to the skin after experiences that might have daunted many older men, but almost invariably they maintained the optimistic outlook on life that caused them to anticipate their next voyage. A friend came across a lad rescued from a torpedoed ship, and in course of conversation discovered that he was originally on the *Falaba*, another ship destroyed by the Germans. Even though young in years, he had seen two ships struck under him.

A young American who reached our western shores after a terrifying experience stated that many of the ship's lifeboats were blown to bits. The ship went down stern first so quickly that he was thrown into the water almost before he appreciated his position. He saw a raft and tried to reach it, but the enemy submarine came between him and this assistance. At length he succeeded in climbing to the raft, where he remained for four hours at the mercy of the waves, until picked up by an American destroyer and passed over to the British patrol boat.

Oftentimes the experiences of the men and boys in the boats attempting to reach land is almost as precarious as on board the doomed ship. A young officer gave me a graphic account of five days in an open boat endeavouring to make land without chart or compass. They had on board a mere pittance of food and water. For the greater portion of this period the seas proved

terrific, and any false move on the part of the helmsman must have meant disaster.

Obviously much that could be said concerning the gallantry of those who man our ships of commerce cannot be written at the present time. The full story will be told after the war. Just as the Mercantile Marine met the needs of England during the great days of the defeat of the Spanish Armada, so now we are receiving service and heroism never exceeded in the Empire's annals. Our Army has performed great deeds, but let us not forget all we owe our sailors.

Helping the Sailor

The sailor is unbeaten at sea. He needs many friends of the right sort on shore. When he reaches port after a bitter taste of the enemy, having lost all his possessions, and frequently many of his friends, it would seem an ill requital if some organisation did not befriend him. Amongst the societies that have come to his assistance in this respect is the British and Foreign Sailors' Society. For a century the Society has continued its beneficent work. Increasing strength and usefulness have come to it with succeeding years, and its influence for good has become abundantly evident. Not only have shipowners and officers testified to its valuable agencies, but during the war the authorities at the Admiralty have spoken and written on its behalf. Lady Jellicoe and Lady Beatty have each rendered more than conventional assistance, and at the present time Lady Jellicoe is personally engaged in raising a centenary fund of £250,000 for the Society in order that it may extend its operations for the benefit of the sailor and his family.

Like the sea, the boundaries of the Society are broad and deep. It knows nothing of sectarian limitations. Born out of the great and illustrious Evangelical movement—which was humanising as well as spiritual—it has maintained its religious basis, but refused to open its doors to sect or class. Its operations have been approved by Royalty and guided and helped by Archbishops, Bishops, Free Church leaders, merchant princes, highly placed Admirals, and men of affairs. They have recognised the needs of the sailor and his right to the best the nation could afford him in view of his illimitable services to the Empire during the war.

A MATTER OF BUSINESS

By

ALEXANDER HULL

JIM LARNED got out of the train at Bentonville about three in the afternoon, not intending to stay more than two or three days. It was his second visit to the town, and no one who has put up at Benton House in the High Street ever goes there again, unless he has to—or stays there except for the same reason.

Bentonville was a little county-seat town of eight to nine thousand inhabitants. It was surrounded by low, dingy hills, covered on the nearer ridges with a scrubby growth of small trees and shrubs, a mean growth which gave way a mile or two back in the hills to really superb elms and beeches. The town, low-built and uninteresting, was pierced through the heart by a muddy and sluggish little river. You could conceive of no reason for going there (outside of Jim Larned's—business), except that its age gave it an elusive, sleepy sort of charm, which you could feel, if you were observant, in spite of the digestive distractions caused by the abominable culinary machinations of Benton House.

Larned registered, sent his suit-case upstairs by the hall-boy, and inquired the nearest route to Judge Train's residence.

"The Judge is dead, you know," confided the clerk; "four months ago."

Larned nodded.

"Straight down High Street—cross the bridge—then turn to the left. Fifth house on the north-east corner. You can't miss it. Big old place; rather the worse for wear. Reckon the Judge didn't leave very much. Anyhow, the house had ought to have been painted 'bout three years ago, I should say."

Larned listened abstractedly, wondering now soon he could get the affair over and leave. Finally he nodded his thanks and went out into the sunny street.

He had no difficulty in finding the place. It was an old-fashioned, rambling house, boasting—no, hardly that; it would never boast again, that house—four Corinthian

pillars. It had a shabby, neglected air, due entirely to its age and its lack of repairs and paint, because, as Larned at once observed, it was *not* unkempt. And as he lifted the brass knocker, which surprised him, he noticed that it was polished to a tremendous sheen.

Presently the door was opened by a grey-haired, kind-faced lady who introduced herself, upon glancing at Larned's card, as Mrs. Train, the widow of the Judge, and invited Larned into the drawing-room, recommending a certain chair by the wall.

"If you will wait for a little, I will call Cecile," she said in silvery, passionless tones. "She is with one of our neighbours just now, I believe."

Larned bowed his assent and sat down. The light from the window, however, annoyed him; so after a moment he changed to another chair. And as he did so, he noticed, with a little shock but hardly any surprise, that probably there had been method in Mrs. Train's seating him where he would be blinded by the sunlight from the west window. Viewed from his present post, the drawing-room presented an entirely different appearance.

He took in the signs at once. There was no mistaking them. The polished old floors were rather too bare of rugs. The two small ones that remained were faded to a single indistinguishable tint and were almost threadbare. On the wall which Mrs. Train's strategy had at first placed behind his back there was a bright rectangular space in the faded patterns of the wall-paper—which told him that once a desk or something of the sort had stood there. At the far end of the tall, pleasant old room was, obviously, the vacant place of that monarch of drawing-rooms—the piano. It was gone now—why, it was easy to suspect. It seemed to Larned that the furniture which remained must have been picked for its age, decrepitude, and lack of market value. It was good, yes—but so pathetically senescent. Not one

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single bright or sturdy piece—all decently, sadly ageing. And yet about that drawing-room, as about the house and grounds and Mrs. Train herself, there was the flavour of charm and individuality; in spite of its shabbiness, the room had a quaint dignity.

Still, it did not prepare him for the slim, dark girl who came in presently to offer her hand and eventually her hospitality. Her mother, she said, would soon be in to second her invitation. No son of an old friend of her father's should stay at intolerable Benton House, she said, and eat its horrible fare. He must get his things at once and stay at a room they had got for him next door. They had expected that, she assured him.

She was a girl, thought Larned, of perhaps twenty-two or three. She was simply and inexpensively dressed, yet in a style which seemed to accentuate her lovely colour and her slender grace. There was about her an air not assertive, but calm and self-possessed. Perhaps her most striking attraction was in her eyes, amber, seemingly luminous, very wide, sincere, and beautiful. He saw now where the charm of the old place came from: it was—it could only be—an emanation from Cecile.

Was there something mystic and compelling in the fading gold of the afternoon, in the old drawing-room, in the youth and beauty of the girl? There must have been; for Larned, without having meant to at all, found himself accepting her invitation, promising to go in a few minutes to get his things from the hotel.

Then he went on to say that he thought there was no difficulty in the way of his company's buying the Judge's mining-claim if it proved to be what he had understood it to be.

"Your father had written to us just before—"

She nodded gravely.

"I didn't know that," she said. "But he told me to write to you. You won't find me much of a business woman, I'm afraid. It doesn't seem to run in our blood—but I'm hoping I may grow into one." She smiled faintly. "Father said that you were the most likely purchasers," she continued simply, "and that you would not be like many companies—"

She paused, evidently unwilling to use the word. "Unscrupulous," he imagined it to be.

"We'll try not to be. At what figure were you holding the property?"

"I haven't, really, much idea what it's worth to you," she replied. "I think I shall have to let you make me an offer. You will want to look it over?"

"Yes—to-morrow, perhaps," said Larned. "Then you may consider it settled, Miss Train, if you are prepared to meet us fairly on the price."

"I'm glad," she said, flushing slightly, "because it is really very necessary that we should dispose of something—soon."

"No—no, Miss Train," he said, smiling. "It's not businesslike for you to tell me that! Don't you see, if I thought you wanted to sell rather badly, I might—"

"Give me too little? I'm trusting you, Mr. Larned. I don't believe, from what father said, that you would."

"Thank you," said Larned gravely. "I wouldn't. Well, the property must be thoroughly prospected at once, and the ore analysed carefully. As soon as that is done—"

"Will it take—very long?" she inquired suddenly.

Larned, with a quick ear for intonations, detected a note of anxiety in her voice. He hesitated for a moment. As a matter of fact, it would not take fifteen minutes—not five. He had the analysis and the prospector's reports in his pocket that very moment. His chemist and engineer, unknown to the Judge, had thoroughly examined the ground immediately after the latter's initial letter. Larned, knowing the Judge to be seriously ill at the time, had ordered them to make their estimates without disturbing the owner. He knew the price that his company would offer—five thousand; it was liberal enough. If he told her now, his business could be completed the following morning, and he could take the afternoon train back the next day. Yet, when he answered her, it was with:

"Six weeks—two months, perhaps; it's hard to tell."

Plainly she was disturbed. Her slender fingers clasped and unclasped once or twice. "So long as that?" she asked, brushing back a vagrant wisp of her burnished hair with fingers that Larned observed were ringless.

He pretended to misunderstand.

"Probably. But, Miss Train, I shan't be



"You will stay with us for a while?" Mrs. Train asked"—p. 518.

Drawn by
Basil Salton.

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trespassing upon your hospitality so long as that. If it proves necessary for me to stay, I shall find——"

"No," she protested. "Surely you know I wasn't thinking of that! You shall stay here—unless you'd rather not."

"Thank you," he said, "but there is a limit——"

"We shall be glad to have you," she interrupted. "It is not very gay here, nor very—— But it would be a distraction for mother—for both of us. You need not hesitate. Bentonville is not—not critical."

"I understand. It will be very pleasant for me."

"We shall have dinner at half-past seven," she said, rising with him. "I'm sorry we can't drive you down for your things, but——"

"I'd much rather walk," replied Larned. "By the way, there was just one other matter to settle—that of the option. I'm surprised you haven't mentioned it."

"Option? What do you mean?"

"We're prepared, as evidence of our good faith, to pay you three hundred pounds, pending our further investigations. If we purchase, it goes in on our purchase price. If not, we forfeit it, and it is yours."

"I don't understand. Why should you do this?"

"Well, it's presumably a valuable piece of property, and we don't want to lose it. We're paying it, you know, to keep you from approaching, in the meantime, other possible purchasers."

She glanced up quickly and a little indignantly.

"Why, I never *would*! There are no other purchasers!"

He laughed.

"I know. It's merely a matter of form, you see."

"You mean it's really customary?" Her eyes questioned him searchingly.

"Certainly."

A look of relief came involuntarily into her face, softening its somewhat tense outlines to rounder curves. And Larned knew his conjecture had been right; she had been pinched for money.

"Very well, then. Only—I shouldn't want you to do anything that——" She paused.

"No," said Larned; "I shall be strictly businesslike." Thus he took his departure

the second time from the pathway of sincerity. He drew out his pen and cheque-book and wrote her a cheque. "This isn't very businesslike, after all," he said, smiling. "We really should have witnesses and a written contract and all that sort of thing to make it ship-shape. But let's call it a friendly agreement and take our chances with one another."

"They're all yours—the chances," she observed, smiling a little.

"Well, I'm prepared to take them."

"Then I'm to understand that this is mine?"

"Absolutely," said Larned, knowing that there would be no slip in the negotiations. "When it comes to the sale outright, we'll have a lawyer, of course. Who was your father's lawyer?"

"Lin Willis. He will be here for dinner this evening."

At the door Mrs. Train appeared.

"You will stay with us for a while?" she asked.

"Thank you," said Larned. "Your daughter has been kind enough to suggest it."

"I remember your father very well," said Mrs. Train. "That was many, many years ago. We shall be glad to have you."



Larned left in a daze. The purchase of the mining property was a thing he considered settled. The ore was accessible, though very low grade. Nevertheless, they could use it under their new process, making a reasonable though small profit. For Larned, whose yearly business ran well into the millions, it was trivial enough. But for the Trains, he knew, it was a big thing. The pleasure of the girl at getting the cheque had seemed almost pathetic to him. And what a girl! What utter absence of guile! It was so rare, so beautiful, so unconsciously effective!

Of just one thing he was certain: that this was—must be—*his* girl! He thought contemptuously of the score or more of flirtations of which he had been guilty since his college days. Vapid and tasteless they had all been. This, this was—— He made no attempt to put it into words. He knew that he had been hard hit by Cecile—and instantaneously too. The sheer, miraculous beauty of it!

A MATTER OF BUSINESS

Lin Willis he liked, and when the clear-eyed, keen-witted young lawyer rose to take his departure that evening, Larned made his own adieus at the same time.

"I'll walk down town with you, if you don't mind," he remarked when they reached the end of the road.

"Glad to have you," said Willis cordially. They started off.

"See here, Willis," said Larned abruptly, after a moment's silence. "Let's not stand on ceremony. I like you, and I want to know something from you. I'm not going to beat about the bush. I shall ask you outright, if you don't object."

"Go on," said Willis curiously.

"If you know anything at all about men, which I presume you do," Larned went on, "you can see easily enough that I'm honest, and that I'm not likely to be interfering where I'm not concerned. What I want to know is this: How did Judge Train leave things when he died? How are the Trains' financial affairs now? You were his lawyer; you are theirs. I want you to violate your professional confidence."

Willis paused under a street light and eyed Larned sharply.

"Why?" he asked coolly.

"Because—I admit your right to know—I'm going to marry that girl some day if she'll have me. But just now I'm going to buy that iron-ore proposition of her father's, and it strikes me I *might* be able to overpay a little for it, since it's plain they've no idea of its worth, and make an otherwise hard path easy for Miss Train and her mother."

"You know I'm your rival for Cecile?"

"No, I didn't know—but I suspected it. I know, though, that you're a sporting fellow, and that you'll tell me what I want to know."

Willis smiled at that.

"You're an ingenuous fellow, Larned," he said. "I'll tell you. Fact is, they're down to bed rock. They've even sold off stuff from the house—the piano——"

"I noticed," said Larned grimly. "That's what made me think."

Willis nodded.

"They wouldn't let me lend them anything, you know. I tried to bluff them on the Judge's estate, but somehow the old gentleman had kept track, though how, I don't know. He hadn't the faintest conception of business, although he had been

a barrister; and Cecile knew where they stood to a shilling, I believe! Wouldn't take a fraction more—put me kindly but firmly aside. The Judge died owing about five thousand here and there. And she's determined to pay it off."

Larned whistled.

"In strict confidence, Willis," he said, "the claim is worth just about five thousand to us. If I pay her that, what will they have to live on?"

Willis laughed disconsolately.

"What will they do?" persisted Larned.

"Well," said Willis, "she'll have the bare house left clear, and she has started a business training at the Acme Commercial College. She may be able to get a job some time soon. It will be hard lines, though."

"Well," said Larned, "you're not to tell her, you understand. But I shall try to pay her a bit more than its real value for the property. She must never suspect."

"Not from me!" declared Willis happily.

"You're a real good fellow too, Larned! I——" He caught Larned's hand and shook it warmly.

"All right, Willis. It's a free field, you know."

"No," said Willis pathetically; "it isn't. There's no hope for me. She's refused me six times."



Two days later the piano reappeared in the drawing-room, and that evening Cecile played for him.

In the days that followed he put in a certain number of hours tramping out to the property he was to buy. It was a matter of two miles north of the town, and once or twice Cecile accompanied him, making it necessary upon those occasions that he hurry a couple of men out ahead of them, lest she get an inkling that there was nothing being done there.

And before he half realised it, six weeks had passed. Several times he had been compelled to make trips home to consult Whelan, his partner, but for the most part he had abandoned himself to the sleepy charm of Bentonville and to the magic spell of Cecile Train. Of evenings they talked, or she played to him. It was, for a man of Larned's life and temperament, like dropping from the wind-swept crests of life into a still and fragrant vale. Could he have

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remained content there long? Sometimes he thought that he could—for ever, if need be. There were, in that vale, vague and delicious currents, emotional currents in life, and daily it seemed to him that he and Cecile were drifting closer together.

One morning he had a message from Whelan which made necessary his leaving. That afternoon he told Cecile that his estimates were complete and that he would pay her eight thousand pounds for the claim, if it were satisfactory to her. He had carefully calculated that that was as far as he dared venture without risking discovery.

She looked him intently in the face for a moment.

"Is it for you?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Then it's all right for me," she declared gravely.

"Then will you come down to the bank with me at once and sign the papers?"

An hour later the transaction was formally completed.

That evening Larned, saying that it was perhaps his last chance for a long time, asked her to play for him. Since dinner she had seemed somewhat distraught. She smiled absently now and went to the piano. She began something of Grieg's, broke off suddenly, began something entirely different—and broke off again. Larned perceived at once that something was really wrong with her. She began for the third time. After a few measures, she rose quickly from the chair, and to his astonishment she seemed to be upon the verge of crying.

"I can't play to-night!" she murmured. "I can't get in the mood. I'm sorry."

What was it? Relief at the sale? Regret for his departure? Larned could not guess. He felt vaguely that the time was somewhat unpropitious; and yet—yet—

He crossed the room to where she was sitting and lifted her hand to his lips. She accepted that passively.

"You're going to marry me, Cecile," he said, as if it were a matter already settled.

But after a moment she said:

"No—I can't—marry you!"

Larned retained her hand in his.

"Is there someone else?"

She shook her head, not looking at him.

"Then it's something about me?"

Again she shook her head. After a brief

interval, during which Larned was silent, she said in detached tones:

"No—I do like you, but I—I don't—I'm afraid I can't love you."

Her hand lay cold and inert in his. In her voice he recognised the accents of finality. And yet yesterday Larned could have sworn that she *did* love him. Once more he raised her fingers to his lips.

"I'm sorry," he said softly. "Good-night, Cecile. Good-bye."

And he went away.

But when he reached home he wrote to her commercial college and asked them to inform his Bentonville office when Miss Train was ready to take a position. Two months later Dale, the manager of the recently opened Bentonville office, reported that Miss Train had been recommended by the Acme College and engaged by him as secretary.

In the year that followed Larned went to Bentonville every few weeks—much oftener, as he admitted to himself, than there was any business necessity for. Indeed, the Bentonville mine was but a very small cog in the Whelan-Larned Company's machine. Each visit, of course, he saw Cecile. Once or twice he called at her house. Yet he did not ask her to reconsider her decision, for he saw that it would be useless.



One day, when he reached Bentonville, he determined that he would visit Cecile before he left for home again, and would make one effort, at least, to learn what it was that stood, coldly, impenetrably, between them. As it happened, however, that determination came, and through Cecile herself, to naught.

That afternoon he was going over reports with Dale, when the latter suddenly discovered that it was already long past six, and hastily apologising, fled with an explanation, flung back over his shoulder, that reached Larned as: "Wife—dinner-party—six-thirty—perfectly furious!" Larned laughed, finished his reports and rose to go.

Cecile Train stood waiting in the office doorway!

Larned stopped, surprised, for he had not heard her come in. He remarked upon that, as well as the lateness of the hour.

"No," she said. "I've been in the outer office since half-past five—waiting for you."



"'You have forgiven me?' she murmured,
without looking at him '—p. 522.

Drawn by
Basil Salmon.

THE QUIVER

Are you through with your work now? I should like to talk with you, if I may."

Larned wheeled her a chair and sat down in his own. But she disregarded the chair and came over by his desk.

"The company paid me eight thousand pounds for that property of father's, Mr. Larned?"

He nodded.

"And yet," she said, "when Mr. Whelan was down here three weeks ago, I overheard him talking to Mr. Dale, and I learned something that I had not suspected—that the *company* did not pay me eight thousand, but five thousand. Yet I got eight thousand. Why? Where did the extra three thousand come from?"

Why, for goodness' sake, hadn't he thought to caution Whelan against indiscretion! Larned saw that he was caught, and he did not know what to reply.

"Oh, you need not confess now," she said, smiling faintly. "I know. It was yours. I have spent some of that money—almost five hundred pounds; the house was in such very bad repair—everything needed fixing. But here is a cheque for the balance, and I'm going to ask you to go to the bank with me in the morning and take a mortgage for the other five hundred."

Larned looked at her helplessly. Somehow he knew that protest would be useless. He folded her cheque and put it in his pocket.

"Very well," he said.

She visibly breathed a sigh of relief.

"And now," she said, her voice breaking a little, "if you will only listen, Jim dear, I have a shameful confession to make!"

He rose at her tone and started towards her.

She extended her hand to ward him off, and stepped backwards.

"No—no! Not until I have finished—and then you won't want to, perhaps!"

"When I asked you, that first day, to be businesslike with me, I was afraid you were going to let the sympathy you felt—Why should I conceal anything now? I know how bare and pathetic our poor house looked; how sad and helpless we seemed to you—I was afraid you'd let it influence you against your own interests. I don't know why I thought that, so soon, before I knew you at all—only I did.

"Father had talked of the mining pro-

perty for months and months to us. He had bought books and studied mining and mining laws. Shortly before his death he told me the claim was worth ten thousand pounds. He told me to write to you; for you, he believed, would be fair with me.

"He had warned me again and again against men 'in a business matter.' Lin Willis, I knew, was honest. He couldn't even deceive me—and you know how easy that would have been! And I believed, with all my heart, that you were honest.

"So, when you paid me eight thousand for the property that father had said—Oh, I know now that he didn't know! But then—I didn't. I wanted to ask you outright if you weren't cheating me, but I—oh, I couldn't!"

Larned thought back to the night when he had asked her to marry him, and now it was all clear.

"When I heard what Mr. Whelan said, I tried to think it out. I still thought that I had been underpaid at least two thousand pounds, but I gave you this much credit—of believing that you had been two thousand pounds' worth ashamed of the niggardliness of your company, and had added that much as conscience-money! Then, finally, I asked Lin Willis if——"

"Lin Willis promised me——" interrupted Larned.

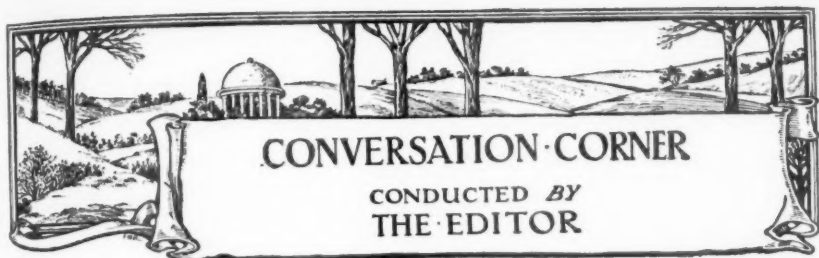
"Oh, I know! But what was the use? He saw that I *knew*! He told me how you had come to him, what he had told you, what you had said of the value of the property and your intention to overpay me. He told me, too, that three different mining men, with whom he had talked since, had remarked upon the price I had received and had called you a fool for giving so much. Then, of course, I knew—and oh, my dear, I am so ashamed—so ashamed!"

In truth, her face was haggard and pale. She looked ill. It played immediate havoc with Larned.

"And all the while—I—I had loved you—in spite of it!" She hid her face in her hands. Larned took them from her eyes and gently kissed each wet and salty eyelid.

"You *have* forgiven me?" she murmured, without looking at him.

"My dear, my dear!" he whispered. "Don't you *see* that it doesn't matter—that nothing matters now?"



"THE SOUL OF SUSAN YELLAM"

By HORACE A. VACHELL

"CONVERSATION CORNER" has, I admit, chiefly been in evidence by its absence the last few months—together with some other features that one would not like to part with. Pressure on space must be my excuse; paper becomes more and more valuable, and one is increasingly loath to occupy it in talking about oneself!

I feel I must, however, take some space this month in thanking old readers and new for their continued support, despite the increased price. I am glad to be able to record that, since the new volume, there has been a welcome increase in our list of subscribers, and I take it therefore that you, generally speaking, approve of the changes I have been instituting, and are helping to make the old QUIVER as living and vigorous as

ever before. Particularly I am glad to know that the magazine is now more suitable for sending to our lads at the Front, and is read with great appreciation by them.



A Talk about our New Serial

MY immediate purpose this month is to talk about the new serial commencing in the next issue.

The choosing of a serial for THE QUIVER is no easy undertaking, and let him who thinks otherwise essay the task! But this time I have been more than particularly fortunate, as I think my readers will agree when they read the story for themselves.

Mr. Horace Amesley Vachell is one of our most distinguished modern writers, and one, too, I may venture to claim, who has in front



Mr. H. A.
Vachell.

Photo:
Suzanne.

THE QUIVER

of him an even more distinguished career than at present stands so well to his credit. He commenced writing somewhere about 1894, and has quite a number of volumes to his name. Readers will recall such works as "John Charity" and "The Hill," the latter a story of Harrow life which is a worthy successor to "Tom Brown's Schooldays" of old renown.



The Author of "Quinneys"

BUT perhaps one of the best known of Mr. Vachell's works is "Quinneys," which was produced in 1914.

Quinneys, as we all know, is an old Yorkshire dealer in antiques, shrewd, rugged, masterful, but, though tempted much, sincere and honest. His passion for antiques is overwhelming; yet, after all, it has to give way to love, and Quinneys is likely to establish himself as one of the classic characters of fiction.

"Fishpingle" is one of Mr. Vachell's later works, and here again the author displays that insight into character, that left delineation of hearts, that is essentially his genius.



"The Soul of Susan Yellam"

IT is with great pleasure that I am able to announce that Mr. Vachell has written a serial story for THE QUIVER—a story which those who have read it, and are able to judge, predict will be the best and most popular that the author has so far produced.

The scene is laid in the village in which Fishpingle lives—indeed, Fishpingle, the Squire, and other characters in that book come into the new story.

"The Soul of Susan Yellam," as the new serial is called, is a serious and vivid study of village life during the great war. The war has, of course, necessarily entered into most of the fiction produced during the last three years, but I believe I am right in saying that this is the first serious attempt by a well-known writer to depict the influence of the war and wartime conditions on the life of a small English village. That it is an absolutely

faithful and lifelike presentation must be left to readers to judge for themselves.



The Soul that is Tried

"THE Soul of Susan Yellam" is, however, much more than a study of village life. It is the skilful, reverent revealing of the history of a human soul when tried by the fires of adversity. The theme is an old one: since the day when Job was moved to curse his Maker. In Mr. Vachell's hands we watch the character of Susan Yellam grow until it stands out in lifelike fidelity. We see her in her cottage life, upright, God-fearing, respected, a regular attendant at church. We see her in her pride in her son, in her austere, thrifty habits—we see her strength and her weakness accurately, but sympathetically, displayed. Then the blow falls . . .

It would not be fair to the reader to anticipate the plot, nor the manner in which the light breaks through again. Sufficient to say that it is a story for the times, tender, moving, enthralling, and true: a story that ought to bring comfort and help to thousands of sorrowing hearts, a story that will give pleasure to all.

"The Soul of Susan Yellam" is a thorough QUIVER story—and a work of genius.

The illustrations will be undertaken by Harold Copping, and the story will be complete in six numbers.



The Motto Competition

APRIL 6th is the last day for receiving entries for the Motto Competition for Wounded Soldiers. Will competitors please send their entries in as soon as possible? In all cases the coupon (to be found on the Editor's Announcement Page in the Advertisement Section) must be filled in and attached, and the entry should be carefully packed and sent, carriage paid, to "The Editor, THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4." marked "Competition." If competitors desire to have their entries returned, a stamped addressed wrapper must be enclosed.

The Editor

THE LOTTERY OF MARRIAGE

Pitfalls that are Hidden from Candidates for Matrimony

By STANHOPE W. SPRIGG

The proposals before Parliament to alter the divorce laws have been followed with the deepest concern. This brief talk on marriage difficulties contains some truths that particularly need emphasising nowadays.

THERE is an increasing disposition on the part of various groups of social reformers in England to-day to ask whether something definite and practical cannot be done to improve, quite irrespective of age or rank, the conditions of marriage. The war, of course, has speeded up interest in all social questions, but war-time marriages have caused many quite unreflecting persons to ask poignant questions about the future of married life and the present chances of divorce reform.

Shall we Make Marriage Easier—

Roughly, these inquirers may be divided into four classes. For instance, the first would do everything within its power to make young people wed more easily, earlier, and under more favourable financial conditions. It advocates the provisions of dowries for girls. It would introduce a modified form of that French system under which marriage contracts are, largely, the work of parents or semi-interested friends. It would compel the State to endow mothers. It would relieve fathers of young children from a considerable share of the burdens of the incidence of present-day taxation. And some of its members would even vote for the State to run matrimonial bureaux with finances strong enough to dump hundreds or thousands of unmarried girls into any distant portion of the British Empire where there exists a vital need for homes and for wives.

Odd as it may seem, this section is really the most modest of all the groups of marriage reformers that are now in the public eye.

Or Render it More Difficult?

The second would make the entry into matrimony much more difficult than it is at present. It would compel all men and women to conform not to any ethical or

financial, but to a fixed physical, standard. For want of a better name, it labels its principles "Eugenics." It urges that the world everywhere should get busy about Race Betterment; offers to all comers a set of ready-made principles grounded on far-reaching theories of heredity, environment, and the banishment of definite social evils; and it calls loudly on Parliament and the individual conscience to demand from all young people who wish to enter into wedlock a close scrutiny of family history and mental and physical defects. Probably there never existed so complete a negation of the best aspirations of a heart and a soul.

Should Divorce be More Easily Obtained?

In striking contrast to this, the third group would make the exit from marriage more facile, less expensive, and less productive of social penalties or stain. It is convinced that the present-day divorce laws do not work easily or well; that they inflict intolerable hardships on the poor, and occasionally on the clean-living and virtuous; and so this class would unhesitatingly push aside any religious sanction of marriage in favour of a purely civil contract that could be annulled for various reasons, such as confirmed inebriety, insanity, and other afflictions that husbands and wives have hitherto borne with meekness for better or for worse. Hereafter they want all matrimonial disputes to be decided in a county court side by side with a claim for six guineas for an unpaid suit of clothes!

Striking at the Roots of Society

It has only one rival in the extremes to which it would go in marriage, and that is a set of plain-speaking women reformers. This last group would strike at the whole basis of matrimony as it exists to-day in civilised communities, and would substitute

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for indestructible elements something infinitely more vague, more dangerous, and subversive of that unit of government demanded by Aristotle and all his followers—the family and the home.

Faced by those voices that grow so shrill with earnestness whenever that blessed word "reform" is raised to the heavens, shallow thinkers often wonder where the real leaders of religion stand in this matter. Have these men and women shifted their ground on the question of a marriage basis? Have the changing times caught them in a mood "rotten ripe for change"? Do they now believe that all that is needed to-day to make matrimony more gracious, more helpful, more hopeful, more endurable, is a short Act of Parliament that will establish a matrimonial agency in every parish, standardise a certain degree of physical health and a cheap and nasty divorce court, and will substitute mere promises of word of mouth for the most solemn of oaths in the sight of God and of men? These, after all, are real questions, and I say bluntly they are often asked to-day by real men.

Where do Religious Leaders Stand?

Broadly speaking, the leaders of religion stand to-day where they always did in this matter. The clamour for marriage reform that now surges to the doors of Parliament leaves them quiet, strong, patient, but absolutely unmoved. They do not confound cause and effect in matrimony; and they do not believe that this Lottery of Marriage can ever be turned into an exact science by the help of a number of nimble-witted politicians in the British House of Commons waving papers and crying in strident accents, "Agreed! Agreed!"

Marriage is not a Mere Contract

Marriage, they will tell you quite frankly, is not a thing of the senses or of the depth of men's purses. It is not a contract based on so much joy sold and delivered—which joy, if it fails to materialise, renders children practically illegitimate and the contract automatically illegal. On the contrary, it is a solemn assumption of the most vital and sacred of the duties of manhood and womanhood. To some it may mean much happiness; to others, considerable pain.

There is, however, admittedly, one clear and concise aspect in which wedlock can be

well described as "The Lottery of Marriage." This aspect is the theme of many books on sex education and of many sermons to young people.

Indeed, if one could stretch one's mind back to the long days when one stood impatiently at the door of the schoolroom, ready to rush forth into the hot, eager, impetuous life of the world, one would remember that this Lottery was often spoken of by the wise women one met at those times; for, after all, the burden of the speculative penalties of marriage still falls most heavily upon women. And ever against the risks of this Lottery they uttered words of caution—words of warning, words of advice that too often came back in trumpet-like accents of reproach in the after years.

To us these women were, no doubt, the direct descendants of those strong Puritan mothers that in earlier times banned from young hands all novels that put Love in the unassailable position of Dictator and King. To many young people to-day this ban, of course, suggests intolerable harshness and narrowness of vision.

The Problems that Remain

Nevertheless, these old sturdy-minded predecessors of ours knew and taught quite openly that Love did not supply the answer to every unstable equation in the Lottery of Marriage, and that true love was not the inevitable fairy gift to every man and woman that came hot-foot to the altar with vows "to love and to cherish." When all the Acts of Parliament to amend the sorrows of matrimony have been passed that the wit of men can devise, the real problems of marriage remain—problems under which both sexes to-day groan, weaken, become feeble and foolish, or wax strong. These problems are not hidden inside the form, or words, of the contract. They turn entirely on the human factor. In other words, the outstanding, but the real unstable, element in the Lottery of Marriage is the character of those who take up matrimonial responsibilities.

Any lawyer will tell you that a contract is no better than the people who form the parties to it. In the same fashion, no marriage is better or worse than the characters of the husband and wife that constitute its principal supports. It is for that reason wise parents still try, even in this twentieth

THE LOTTERY OF MARRIAGE

century, when the young are all out for freedom, liberty, and room to develop as they think best, to impose various wise restrictions on marriage. Thus, they ask that their children should wed within their own class; that they should choose partners who are punctual, diligent, hardworking, modest, good-tempered, sympathetic, and discreet; that they should wait till their young backs are strong enough to bear the unexpected as well as the contemplated burdens of married life; and that they should save themselves, so far as is humanly possible, from all money worries and from all homes that are not based on the all-powerful vitalising influences of the "invisible world."

"Intolerable" and "Irkesome"

Conditions

To young and ardent natures these conditions may, and often do, seem intolerably old-fashioned and monstrous, especially if their possessors happen to have drugged their minds with various modern novels wherein writers describe in sickening detail aspects of erotic passion wherever they spell the word "love."

Yet it is precisely such young and ardent natures that will suffer most from a neglect of these obvious safeguards and from the sad consequences that follow obsession to a single emotional ideal. The more stolid and steady-going bear their matrimonial troubles more lightly, and are less liable to make selective mistakes.

The Lack of Understanding

It is difficult, however, for a boy or a girl to realise not only that pitfalls surround matrimony, or that he or she does not inevitably understand the opposite sex. They see their father and their mother journeying more or less comfortably along life's road, and they think that that is the common lot—upon which they can, perhaps, improve, but certainly can never fall beneath. Yet I have just picked up a new book by a friend of mine, a poet of rare distinction and charm, which he has entitled "The Man and the Woman," and the first sentences I find are these:

"Does a man ever really understand the character of a woman? It must be taken for granted that all understanding between man and woman is simply relative; there

are degrees, but seldom completeness. When we recognise that we only partially know ourselves, that there are shades of character, moods, motives, sudden desires, or antipathies or impulses which continually surprise us and evade our discrimination, we must see how impossible it is completely to know any other person. So many personalities seem grouped within the one individual, heredity so complicates matters with the ghost of a thousand ancestors, that we only faintly apprehend our own characters and never come to a full comprehension. How much more so with the case of another!

The Veil of Sex

"But apart from the ordinary veil," adds this writer, Arthur L. Salmon, "this veil that conceals soul from soul, there is the other veil of sex. Sex is not a thing that is skin-deep; it does not merely rule form and function; it attaches to mind and emotions, if not to underlying spirit. The bare spiritual part, the true inner entity may, indeed, know nothing of sex; take away mind and body, and there is still something that we recognise as deeper than these, the soul that is untouched by the passing years. This inmost self may perhaps be independent of sex. But this is not the part with which we ever become familiar, even in our own selves, though it be really our truest self. The part of ourselves and of others that we know best is just the part that is most intimately affected by sex, the characteristics that make up our daily life, the thoughts and emotions and purposes of which our active personalities consist," and that is exactly the part that comes most into play in the problems that beset young home-keeping beginners.

Lectures to the Would-be-Weds

To meet these problems, a clever writer and distinguished traveller of my acquaintance has arranged a curious series of lectures. He calls this series "The Mistakes of Marriage," and whenever he gets a set of sympathetic intellectuals around him in his flat in Hampstead he will deliver one or other of the lectures, and his friends will subsequently discuss his conclusions. He says that he does not believe that he will be able to deliver these discourses in public for, at least, five or six years, but

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adds that that enforced silence is no reason why he should not diligently prepare himself in the interval to become a qualified and experienced Professor of Marriage Science. And the subjects that he delights to pontificate upon are these:

How People Love.

Do Wives understand their Husbands?

When Men are Brutal.

Where Women prove Cruel.

Motives in Matrimony.

The Child in the House.

A Safe Path to Wedded Happiness.

He believes that, as time goes on, boys and girls will be taught, in detail, the whole Science of Marriage and what the world has a right to expect and demand from husbands and from wives. But meanwhile he has no scorn too deep for our present haphazard methods of launching young lives on a sea of matrimonial difficulties merely with the aid of a few moth-eaten proverbs and a few hurried counsels given too frequently in tears at a mother's knee.

"More children get married than go to France," he cries; "but we give years to teaching French, and minutes to teaching Marriage! Could any system of instructing the young be more absurd?"

"I quite agree with you," answers a well-known wit. "I am content to know only one sex, my own. Have you heard of my forthcoming work on 'Woman' in a thousand volumes? Give me your card. I will send you a prospectus. It covers, at least, one section of your scheme for the education of all mankind."

On the Right Path

As a rule, however, the lecturer meets with little criticism and much support, and many of his friends are convinced that he is on the right path and that in a few years hence churches, no less than primary schools, will make the Lottery of Marriage the subject of courses of carefully regulated lectures and instruction that will be all for the good of their graduates when they get wedded. There has been too much fun and too little seriousness poked at matrimony hitherto in lectures and in family journals.

In the United States of America public opinion is much more advanced on this question than it is here in England. The popular Sunday newspapers of America teem with articles on Marriage and what

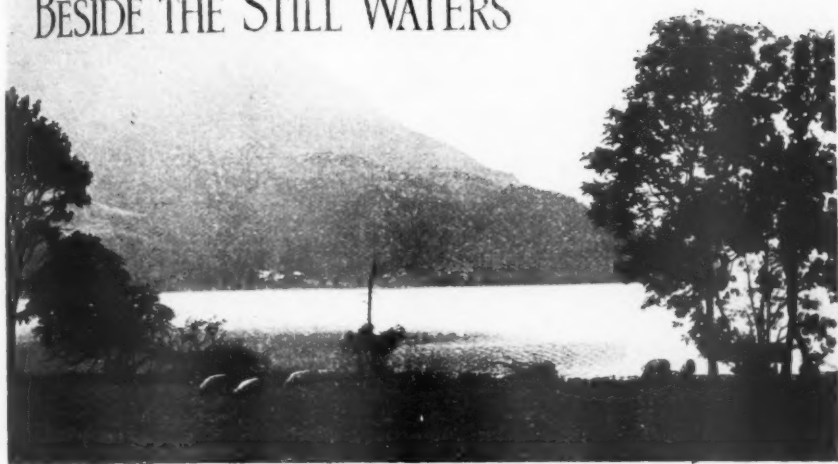
Marriage means in the life of the individual and in the growth and prosperity of a State. These articles always have a practical note. For instance, I read in one place "There are many problems that must be solved by every newly married couple, and the solution cannot and will not be the same in all instances." In another: "The young couple should talk over together all matters of mutual interest. The bride should have a clear understanding of her husband's income and of just how much can be allowed for household expenses, and then they should live within their income." "The man who wishes to retain his wife's love must never forget to show his appreciation of her. Many a man tells others how comfortable it is to go home and find dinner ready, his wife and children at home, but he neglects to tell her the same thing, and she thinks she is not appreciated."

Rushing into Headlong Danger

These things may seem very trivial to onlookers; but, as another writer points out with truth: "Many young men and women are going to-day into matrimony without the instruction necessary to make them succeed. As a consequence, they sow their wild oats, and reap tares in later life. Whatever boy or girl sows in the garden of matrimony will bear fruit unless, by strong determination, the weeds are uprooted. Even with strong determination it frequently is impossible to kill the roots of this early thoughtless sowing, just as it is impossible, at the present time, to kill the roots of couch-grass when once it has become established in a farm. Just as a man who values his farm will be careful that worthless and harmful seeds are not sowed on his farm, so parents who value the future welfare of their children will see that the young people are so instructed in early years that they will not sow the weeds that will spoil their marriage careers in later years."

True, we are simply men and women after marriage, as before—limited, faulty, liable to moods and tempers and depressions; but, as the poet I have quoted urges, "all couples are capable, with a little wisdom and patience, of living together in love that may be chequered but should never be extinguished." In other words, Right Thinking and Right Training will always make Right Marriages

BESIDE THE STILL WATERS



Photos : J. McGibbon.

What Counts

It isn't what you mean to do a week ahead ;
 It isn't what you know you'll gain
 When all annoyances have fled ;
 It isn't what you dreamed and planned—
 Such hopes are but a phantom band—
 The day's work counts.

The day's work counts—

It isn't much,
 The gain of those few painful hours ;
 But be content if there is shown
 Some product of those sacred powers
 Which guide each mind, uphold each hand ;
 Strive with the best at your command—
 The day's work counts.



Buying Up Opportunities

OPPORTUNITY, which forms a favourite theme with the moralist, is generally thought of as a kind of chance value, or haphazard thing, which falls as unheralded as a snowflake, or sweeps around hither and thither as mysteriously as the wind.

The barque of our hopes may not always lie for us anchored conveniently "before the harbour"—it may have to be painfully sought, or even purchased outright. In the New Testament we are told that we should be found "redeeming the time," which phrase might be translated "buying up opportunities."

In a certain limited but real sense every man may make his own opportunities. If he cannot wholly control circumstances he

may control himself—he may so strain his own powers, so husband and develop his personal resources, and so adapt means to ends that when the favourable conjunction of circumstances occurs (which the crowd calls a "chance") he is all ready to go in and to make the most of the "troubling of the water." Too many individuals loiter or sleep by Bethesda's Pool when they should be eagerly watching for the angel.

"Opportunity" lies as much in us as without us. It is of little value to wait for something to turn up—the better way is to turn up good things while waiting. Instead of wasting time while the irons feebly glow in the unworked forge, stir up the embers, put on the draught, and make the tools red hot for quick and earnest use.—
 REV. C. A. S. DWIGHT, PH.D.



Little Things

ONLY a little shrivelled seed—
 It might be a flower or grass or weed ;
 Only a box of earth on the edge
 Of a narrow, dusty window ledge ;
 Only a few scant summer showers,
 Only a few clear, shining hours—
 That was all. Yet God could make
 Out of these for a sick child's sake
 A blossom wonder as fair and sweet
 As ever broke at an angel's feet.

Only a life of barren pain,
 Wet with sorrowful tears for rain,
 Warm'd sometimes by a wandering gleam
 Of Joy that seemed but a happy dream ;

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*A life as common and brown and bare
As the box of earth in the window there.
Yet it bore at last the precious bloom
Of a perfect soul in a narrow room,
Pure as the snowy leaves that fold
Over the flower's heart of gold.*

HENRY VAN DYKE.

Laughter

"THE new girl in our class seems very friendly and pleasant," reported Annette to her mother; "but somehow I do not like her laugh. It sounds too much as if she were laughing at you instead of with you." And, sure enough, the High School girl's judgment proved correct. On longer acquaintance the new class-mate showed an unpleasing disposition to poke fun at others—not the merry, comradely sort, but the critical, sneering kind. Her laugh had revealed what her assumed friendliness might have successfully covered for a long time.

"I dislike strange workmen about the house," said a somewhat nervous lady. "But it was necessary to have a man sent out by the furniture firm with whom we had dealt, to do some polishing to a rubbed piece. He was a brisk, business-like chap; but when, in reply to some remark made to him, he gave a pleasant reply and a genial little laugh, I felt as if I knew and could trust him—and he did a very good job of work."

Gracian is the one who sums up this matter by saying: "If a man laughs always, set him down as foolish; if never, as false." He might add: "As a man's laugh rings true or false, so is he. For a frowning face may hide a heart good or bad beneath, but a laugh is bound to sound the real note of the soul."—CORA S. DAY.

The Birthright

"**B**EHOLD, the pottage lures us. We are faint
And soon shall perish! Of what moment
then
This ghostly right of birth?" The age-old
plaint
Beats through the silence. Praise of shal-
lower men,
Glitter of gold and gem, Life's wine a-glow,
These but await the barter. Is it well
To pass all by, and unrewarded go
On that steep path whose end no man may
tell?
Aye, it is well! Dearer than joy or gold
Or the World's plaudits is the right divine
To struggle toward the highest, make each hold
Thy feet have gained a vantage on the line

*Of upward climbing. Thou art not alone;
Comrades unseen the rocky way have trod
And still are treading. Wherefore make no
moan,*

But go thou singing on the road to God.
ELEANOR DUNCAN WOOD.

The Chess Player

MANY years ago Paul Morphy was the champion chess player of the world. A friend one day invited him to come and look at a valuable painting he had just purchased. It was called "The Chess Player," and represented Satan playing chess with a young man, the stake being the man's soul. The game had reached the stage where it was the young man's move; but apparently there was no move that he could make that would not mean defeat for him, and the strong feature of the picture was the look of awful despair that was on the man's face as he realised his soul was lost, and the sneer upon the face of Satan as he saw the victory.

Morphy studied the picture for a time (he knew more about chess than the artist who painted the picture), and then called for a chessboard and men. Placing them in the same position as they were in the painting, he said: "I'll take the young man's place and make the move," and he made the move that would have set the young man free.

When I heard this story, I thought it was just like my life. In the game of life I was worsted. It was my move, but death was in every direction. I was in despair, when I saw One come on the scene who knew all about my life, and I recognised the only One who could help me. I turned to Him, and He made the move that set me free.

Invocation

ALMIGHTY God, to Thee we raise
A passionate voice in prayer and praise;
To Thee our wayward hearts incline;
Illumine our souls with light divine;
Oh, teach us, Lord, the cross to bear,
The cruel crown of thorns to wear,
A host of human ills to take
Without complaint, for Thy dear sake.

*Before us place the shining shield
Of Faith, and may we bravely wield
The flaming sword of Truth, to slay
The frowning doubts that bar the way.
Oh, lead us through the cheerless night
Up to the land of living light,
And unto Thee, whom we adore,
Shall be the glory, evermore.*

LOUIS M. GRICE.

"THE TIME OF HIS LIFE"

BY

GRACE S. RICHMOND

Author of the "Juliet" Stories, "The Country Doctor," etc.

I
DOT, do you remember Kirke Waldron?"

Dorothy Broughton, daintily manipulating an apple, her shapely young arms showing interesting curves through the muslin and lace of her morning gown—made by her own clever fingers—looked up at her brother Julius. He was keeping her company at her late and solitary breakfast at the "Peaklands Hydro." His bright eyes surveyed his sister as he spoke, from the crown of her carefully ordered hair to the tips of her white shoes—he could see them from his position at one side, and he observed that they were as white and as fresh as her gown. That was one of the things Julius heartily approved of in his pretty sister—her fastidiousness in such matters. He was fastidious himself to a degree; nothing more correct in its way than his own morning attire could have been imagined.

"Waldron?" Dorothy repeated. "That tall, solemn boy who used to stumble over himself on his way to the blackboard when we had the mixed classes in school?"

"And then had the rest of the class looking like a set of blockheads while he covered the blackboard with neat little figures that always came out right; a perfect shark at maths." Yes, he's the one. Five classes ahead of us then—fifteen now. We aren't in it, any of us, with Kirke Waldron these days."

"I've never heard nor thought of him since then," averred his sister. "Do you mean he's made something of himself? I should never have thought it."

"No, you'd never have thought it, because he stumbled over his own feet when he was a kid. Well, let me tell you it's the only thing he's ever stumbled over. He's fixed up in the office of Haynes and Ardmore, the mining engineer people, and everybody says that it'll mean a partnership some day. And that brings me to my point. He hasn't taken a day's holiday for two years. Day after to-morrow he sails for South America to stay six months, looking

after the development of a new mine over there in Colombia. He can take to-morrow for a holiday, and I've asked him out—with Bud's permission. And I want you to help me give him the time of his life."

"Me?" Dorothy opened her brown eyes. "Oh, but I can't give you to-morrow! The Clifford-Jordan party's going on an all-day motor trip."

Julius ran his hand through the crisp, half-curly locks of his black hair. "Cut it out. You don't need to be on every one of their junketings. Get 'em to let you off for to-morrow."

"I can't possibly. It would throw them out, you know. Irene would never forgive me, nor—some of the others."

Julius frowned. "See here, you're not letting Ridge Jordan get any headway with you, are you? If you are you'd certainly better make him take a day off while you see what a real man is like. After you've had a good look at Kirke Waldron you'll be ready to let Tom Wendell and Ridge Jordan and the rest of those sort of men go to thunder. I don't suppose Waldron was ever at a dance, or one of your new-fangled motor-parties, in his life; but I tell you he'll make every one of those little society men look like shrimps just the same."

Dorothy rose from her chair. Her brown eyes surveyed her brother from between heavy chestnut lashes, and just now they were very haughty eyes. Her curving, crimson lips were scornful. "I find it difficult to believe," she observed, "that a boy whom I particularly detested, one of the most awkward, solemn-faced, uninteresting boys I ever saw in my life, can have blossomed into such a wonder. As for Ridge-way Jordan, I like him very much. He may be a society man—which is no crime, I believe—but he is also doing quite as well, in his way, as your friend, Mr. Waldron. And I certainly am not going to throw over an engagement as binding as this one to give anybody 'the time of his life.'"

She walked out of the room, cancelling the effect of her haughtiness by turning to

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throw back a smile at her brother, as ravishing a smile as if he were no brother at all.

Her sister, Mrs. Jack Elliot, entering in time to glance curiously from Dorothy's smile to Julius's scowl, inquired of Julius what might be the matter.

He shook his head. "I don't like the symptoms. She takes it more and more seriously when I hit Ridge Jordan in any way. I like Ridge myself, but I wouldn't see Dot marry him for a good deal."

"I don't believe there is the least danger," his elder sister replied. The two sisters were that year spending their holidays with their friend Cicely Jordan, who had just become engaged to a wealthy young American, Harold Clifford. The party had taken up their quarters at a fashionable inland hydro, and Harold Clifford had determined to celebrate the approaching wedding in American style. Dorothy, as the maid of honour at the approaching ceremony, occupied a sort of official position at the dinners and drives which had been arranged with a lavish hand, whilst her friend's brother, Ridgeway Jordan, best-man-to-be, was naturally a good deal in evidence. The "bridal party" tours and entertainments had caused much interest among the hotel guests, not only because of the thoroughly American way in which the prospective bridegroom was carrying out the programme in the fashion of his own country, but because of the charm and prettiness of the bridesmaids, each of whom was eager to make the most of this novel entertainment.

Mrs. Jack's one anxiety at present was to have her charming sister's bloom remain unorn by fatigue. Thus far Dorothy was holding out better than any of the other girls of the party. "Her colour was just as good as ever, wasn't it?" Mrs. Jack murmured absently, preparing to remove Dorothy's empty fruit plate. "I don't believe she ate a thing but fruit," she murmured.

"Best thing she could do. After the stuff she undoubtedly got away with at midnight her only salvation's a light breakfast. As to her colour, I enriched it," he explained grimly, "by mentioning my feeling about Ridge. If I thought, after all the attentions that girl has had, that she'd take Ridge Jordan—with all his money! Dot's no girl to care such a lot about money. It's this crazy bridal-party business that's upset her, I reckon. The thing's contagious. Good gracious! I don't know that I could look long at Cicely and Harold myself without getting a touch of it."

"A touch! You and Marjorie?" Mrs. Jack smiled.

"Oh, well; that's different." Her brother thrust his hands into his pockets and walked over to the window. "Entirely different.

Marjorie and I were intended for each other from the beginning: everybody knows that. But now—what in thunder am I going to do with Waldron? Tell me that. I've got him to come down here expressly to meet Dot. Of course I didn't tell him so; he's not that sort. And now she's off for all to-morrow with that wretched bridal party."

"Can't he come some other time?"

"I should say not; certainly not for months. He's off to South America for a long stay—has this one day to himself. You see it wasn't till I met him yesterday that I realised what the fellow had become; and then it came over me all at once what it might mean to have him meet Dot just now. I'm no matchmaker—"

"I should say that is just what you are! It isn't the rule for brothers to act as their sisters' matrimonial agents, you know—or I might have married a duke," she added whimsically.

"Oh, you're quite all right as you are, but 'There is a tide,' you know. And Dot certainly has worried me to death over Ridge Jordan."

"But, Julius"—Mrs. Jack's voice took on a tinge of anxiety—"we've always thought well of Ridge. I don't just see—"

"I know you don't. I do. He's not the man for Dot. I want a real man for her. I've got him. Wait till you see Kirke!"

"You seem to think it's very simple—"

"By George, I think it is! I know how he felt about her when she was a youngster: adored the ground she walked on. She never looked at him. I tell you she'll look at him now; he's worth looking at."

"If he's so fine looking he may be engaged to some other girl."

"He's not. I made sure of that," declared Julius, audacity gleaming in his eyes as usual. "Besides, I tell you, he's not that sort. He's no *matinée* idol for looks; maybe you wouldn't even call him good looking. I do. I tell you he's a real man. Dot hasn't seen one yet. I'll make her see Kirke—somehow. You wait."

He marched away, head up, eyes thoughtful, lips pursed in a whistle.

II

NEXT morning, when three luxurious motor-cars stopped at Mrs. Jack's door, Julius was lounging on the porch. It was his long holiday; he could be forgiven for lounging. In his flannels, hands in pockets, he strolled down the steps with his sister to see her off, though Ridgeway Jordan was escorting her devotedly. He surveyed her, as he followed her, with brotherly pride.

"That sister of mine has all the rest of them beaten hollow," was his inward reflection. "Not much money to do it on, but

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"He looked straight at her, and for a time the two pairs of eyes continued to dwell upon each other"—p. 537.

Drawn by
Will Foster.

she certainly knows how to get herself up to look as if she'd just walked out of a tailor's box and a milliner's handbox. Made that creation of a hat herself, I reckon. Fresh as a peach, her face, too. The others look a bit jaded."

Along with these inner comments he was keeping up a running fire of talk with two of the other girls of the party. His bright black eyes, however, noted that Dorothy's place in the first car was next that of Ridge-way Jordan, and that the face of that young man was soberer than usual.

"Bad sign," he reflected as he turned away, after a hot and heavy exchange of banter with certain of the men as the car prepared to start. "When a chap begins to look solemn, sitting beside a girl you know he's in love with, you can be sure he has it on his mind to have it out with her before the day is over. If I could have just got Kirke to her yesterday! Ridge may do it any time now—I can see it in his eye—and she may take him. I don't know what's got over Dot. A month ago she'd have laughed at the idea of marrying him; but now I

can't be sure of her. It's this idiotic bridal hysteria that's got her in its grip. By George, she *shan't* take him!"

An hour later Julius drove to the station to meet his guest. Kirke Waldron, descending from the train, found his old school-mate, younger than himself but well remembered as the imp of the High School, waiting for him on the station platform.

"Awfully glad to be sure of you," Julius declared, shaking hands. "Until I actually caught sight of you I was still expecting a wire saying you couldn't afford even the one day."

"The coast is clear," Waldron answered, returning the grip with equal vigour. "I closed every account at midnight and have my one day as free as air."

"The question is," Julius lost no time in beginning, as the two walked along the platform, "what sort of a day you want. Outdoors, of course; no question of that in hot weather. But—with people or away from them? I can take you to the hotel for luncheon; to tell the truth, my sister, Mrs. Elliot, is counting on that. But afterward

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I have a little plan to carry you up into the hills to a place I know for an all-afternoon tramp and a dinner at the best little inn in the country. Back in the late evening, a dash down to the river, and a swim by moonlight. How does that programme suit you?"

"It's great," agreed Kirke Waldron decidedly. "Nothing could suit me better. A holiday, to me, means outdoors always. And it's a long time since I've done any real tramping."

"I knew you weren't one of the hammock and novel holiday sort," Julius said as he put his new-old friend into the trap. "I'm not myself. Though"—he confessed with honesty—"I have been known to sit with my heels in the air for a longer consecutive period than you've ever done if all your sittings were lumped together."

"What do you know as to where I've kept my heels?"

"On the ground, planting one before the other without rest, day in and day out, ever since I first knew you. That's why you're where you are; it doesn't take a soothsayer to tell that."

Waldron laughed. "You're a flatterer," he said.

Julius shook his head. "Not a bit of it. It's written all over you. If I got caught in the middle of an earthquake anywhere, and the ground stopped shaking and I looked around me to find out what to do next, and my eye fell on you out of hundreds bunched around me, I should simply—follow you out of the mess!"

"That's a great tribute," Waldron admitted, "from a fellow whom I used to know as the cleverest at getting himself out of scrapes of all the boys who were resourceful in getting into them."

"Having exchanged large-sized bouquets," Julius observed with sudden gravity, "we will now drive home. Do you know I'm awfully sorry my sister Dorothy isn't there? You remember her, do you?—or maybe you don't. She was just a 'kid' with a couple of long tails of hair down her back. My second sister, Barbara—we call her 'Bud'—was in your class, I believe, at the Mixed School. She remembers you all right; says she was tremendously impressed by the way you slew the fractions on the blackboard. Bud married Jack Elliot, as I told you yesterday; and a great old boy he is, too, for a brother-in-law."

Discouraging of his family, with occasional mention of his sister Dorothy, Julius took his friend to the hotel. Mrs. Jack, fresh and charming, made them welcome. Jack himself was there for luncheon, and the three men found each other thoroughly congenial.

After luncheon Julius contrived a chance to exchange a brief colloquy with Mrs. Jack on the subject of the guest.

"What do you think of him, Bud? Pretty fine sort to have developed from the grub who did the trick with fractions, with his freckled face turning lobster colour because you girls were looking at him?"

"I can't believe he's the same," Mrs. Jack whispered, looking through the open window at the figure on the porch outside, its side turned toward her. "I haven't seen a man for a long time with so much character in his face. He's not exactly handsome, but—yes, I certainly do like his face very much. I wish—I really wish Dot were here."

"Oh, no, not at all!" Julius objected. "Dot's satisfied with Ridge Jordan, or thinks she is. So are you."

"I have always liked Ridge," Mrs. Jack insisted; "but—well, Mr. Waldron is quite another type."

"Yes, quite another," Julius murmured, and returned to the porch.

Before the two took the train for the mountains Julius managed to let Waldron see a photograph of Dorothy. As a matter of fact, photographs of Dorothy were all about the house, but in Julius's own room hung one which the brother considered the gem of them all. It showed one of those straight-out-of-the-picture faces which are sometimes so attractive, the eyebrows level above the wonderful eyes, the lips serious and sweet, the head well poised upon the lovely neck, the whole aspect one of youth unconscious of its charm, yet feeling a subtle power of its own.

Waldron, his attention called to the photograph, surveyed it with a quiet comment: "I should have known she would look like this when she grew up"; and turned away without undue lingering. Yet Julius was satisfied that Waldron would know the face again when he saw it, as it was intended that he should.

It was a journey of an hour or so by rail up into the mountain resort where, by certain artfully veiled investigations, Julius had ascertained that the motor party would stop for dinner. Scheming joyously he led his companion from the train at a station several miles from Saxifrage Inn, alighting at a mere halt in the midst of a semi-wilderness. The promised tramp began without the knowledge of the guest as to where it was to end, or hint as to what might be found there.

Coats over their arms the two young men swung away upon the trail—a wide, much-used trail, which could be followed without difficulty. The warm, summer air was fragrant with the scent of pine and fern; pine needles carpeted the path; faint forest sounds came to their ears—the whir of a partridge, the chatter of a squirrel, the splash of falling water. Waldron took off his straw hat and tucked it under his arm,

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baring his forehead to the spice-laden breeze that now and then filtered through the forest, stirring languid leaves to motion.

"Ah, but I'd like to be just setting out on a fortnight of this!" he breathed. "Dressed for the part, a pack on my back—or a canoe. When I was a boy I used to go on long canoeing trips, following our river to its mouth. I don't like the tropics as well as I do the temperate zones."

"If you weren't such a tremendous grind you would do it now," Julius offered. "A fellow needs a holiday now and then, if he's to keep in shape."

Waldron glanced at him, smiling. "So he does. But somehow I've managed to keep in shape. I inherit from my father a fairly tough constitution, and also the love of work, the seeing of my job through to the finish without loss of time. I suspect that's what keeps me going."

They fell into talk about Waldron's work. In answer to Julius's questions Waldron told him a good deal about the work itself—little, as Julius afterwards realised, of his own part in it. The miles fell away beneath their steadily marching feet, and in due season, by Julius's management, they emerged from the trail at a certain rocky bluff overlooking the distant country, upon which was perched the small but noted inn where they were to have dinner.

A string of motors stood along the driveway, and among them Julius readily recognised the three with which he was familiar as those which had been conveying the Clifford-Jordan party. No sign of the party itself was to be seen upon the wide veranda which encompassed the inn. But this was easily understood. From some distance away the sounds proceeding from a shrubbery-screened point upon the bluff before the inn betrayed the presence of the company of travellers. This was as it should be. Even Julius Broughton's audacity was not to be carried to the point of forcing himself and his friend, uninvited, upon a set of young people carefully selected.

Julius left Waldron upon the porch and went into the inn to ascertain, "if might be, from the management where the motor party would be dining. Learning, as he had expected, that a private apartment was devoted to their use, he went to the public dining-room and selected a table. Being early he was able to secure one in an alcove, looking out through an open window upon the path along which the party, returning from the bluff, would be sure to approach. To this he presently led Waldron and seated him so that he faced the path outside, the vista of distant countryside beyond. The young people of the Clifford-Jordan party were to dine at eight, and it lacked only a few minutes to this hour when they approached down the path.

Julius had just given his order and leaned

comfortably back in his chair when he caught sight of them. "By George!" he ejaculated. "Well, well! so *this* is where they've come! Been jolly mysterious about where they meant to spend the day, but we've caught 'em. Started in the opposite direction this morning, too—just for a blind. I say, recognise the girl in the lead with the engaged girl's brother, that light-haired fellow?"

Drawing back so that he was concealed by curtains of the window Waldron looked out at the approaching bevy of young people. Up the path they came, talking, laughing, shifting like the pattern in a kaleidoscope, gay, handsome, sophisticated, modishly dressed, unconventionally mannered, yet showing, most of them, the traces of that youthful ennui so often betrayed by those who of all the world should feel it least.

Julius's brotherly eye rested upon his sister, as it had done that morning, with cool satisfaction. Some of the girls looked in disarray, hair tumbled, frocks rumpled, faces burned. Dorothy's simple white serge suit was spotless, her hair was trim under her plain white hat with its black velvet band, her colour was even, her dark eyes clear. Although Ridgeway Jordan was bestowing upon her the most devoted attentions, his eyes constantly seeking—but seldom finding—hers, she was showing no consciousness of it beyond the little, curving, half-smile with which she was answering him. In a word, her brother felt, Dot was sweet—strong and sweet and unspoiled—fascinating, too, being a woman and not without guile. Didn't she know—of course she did—that it was just that noncommittal attitude of hers, amused and pleased and interested, but unimpressed by their regard, that drew the men like a magnet?

Behind Dorothy and young Jordan one of the party, an extraordinarily pretty girl, was laughing hysterically, clutching at her attendant's sleeve and then pushing him away. He was laughing with her—and at her—and his eyes, all the time, were following Dorothy Broughton. It seemed to Julius, as the party came on, that most of the girls were behaving foolishly—and quite all the men. Perhaps it was because they had all seen so much of each other during these days and nights of merry-making that they had reached the borders of a dangerous familiarity. A little tired of one another most of them had become, it was more than probable. Against this background Dorothy showed easily the most distinction of them all: she looked in her simple attire, contrasted with the elaborate costumes of the other girls, like a young princess reigning over a too frivolous suite.

Kirke Waldron looked, unperceived, out of his window, and Julius, turning his eyes from the picture before him, observed his

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friend. Waldron's face was not what might be called an expressive one; it was the face of a man who had learned not to show what he might be feeling. There was no mask there; only cool and balanced control, coupled with the keenest observation. But Julius imagined that Waldron's close-set lips relaxed a little as he stared at Dorothy.

The party came on into the inn; the sound of their voices and laughter died away.

Julius sat still and stared at his plate. As he had watched his sister coming towards him, with Ridgeway Jordan beside her looking into her face with that look of eager hopefulness, he had experienced a powerful longing to go out and lead Ridge away to some secluded spot and explain to him that he wasn't good enough. It wasn't as if there were anything against young Jordan; there was certainly nothing specific. Julius found himself wishing there were.

Upon the bluff in the cool darkness the two young men spent the following hour, enjoying to the full the refreshing, woods-laden breath of the night air, their pipes sending up clouds of fragrant smoke and keeping them free from the onslaughts of the insects which otherwise at that hour would have been very annoying. From time to time Julius lighted matches and consulted the unrelenting face of his watch. They did not talk much; it was a time for silence and the comradeship of silence.

The station at which the train would stop was not more than a hundred yards or so from the hotel. Until the last minute, therefore, they could linger. But at half-past nine Julius sprang up.

"Let's go back to the hotel and wait on the veranda," he proposed.

The two paced back to the porch, which hummed with talk. The whole small company of the inn's few permanent guests was gathered there, obviously interested in the gay motor party.

From not far in the distance suddenly a whistle pierced the night air.

"I say, that's too bad!" cried Julius, low, to his friend. "I hoped they'd come out before you had to go and you could meet Dot. Just our luck!"

"We'd better be off," said Waldron, and he led the way. It was a halt, not a regular station, as he had learned, and he could not afford to lose the train. It would be after midnight before he could get back to the city as it was, and he was to leave the city at nine in the morning for his long absence.

Someone was waving a lantern as they approached the station. The forest hid the track in both directions, but the roar of the nearing train could now be plainly heard.

Walking fast, a trifle in advance, Waldron suddenly turned and spoke over his shoulder. "I suppose my ears deceive me,

but that certainly sounds as if it were coming from the wrong direction."

"Your ears do deceive you, of course," Julius responded. "All sounds are queer in the night. Still—by George! it certainly does seem to come from—"

The train, puffing and panting from its pull up the grade, now showed its headlight through the trees. There was no question about it, it was coming from the wrong direction, and therefore, unquestionably, was going in the wrong direction.

"Must be two trains pass here," cried Julius, and he ran ahead to the hotel assistant as the train slowed to a standstill. "There's another train to-night?" he questioned.

"No, sir. This one's all there is to-night."

Julius turned and looked at his friend. "Well, I certainly have got you into a nice scrape," he said solemnly.

"It looks like it," Waldron answered shortly. "The thing is now, how to get out of it. We must hire something and drive back—or to a station somewhere."

They debated the question. They hurried back to the office and interviewed the management, which shook its head dubiously. The little mountain resort was far from the main track of things. The inn had no conveyance to offer except one team of horses and a wagon, guests invariably coming by train or motor. There were three motors out on the driveway, but they belonged to the Clifford-Jordan party. There had been other motors, but they had all left soon after dinner, their passengers having come for the dinner only, and proceeding on their way in time to make some other stopping-place by bedtime. There seemed to be no way to get Waldron back except to ask a favour of Ridgeway Jordan.

Kirke Waldron knit his brows when Julius made this suggestion as a last resort. "I certainly hate to ask such a favour in the circumstances," he said. "But it's a case of 'must.' I wouldn't miss that ship to-morrow morning for any sum you could name; I can't miss it."

"I'll call Ridge out," said Julius promptly, "or—well, good luck! here he comes."

Wheeling, he advanced to meet a slim young man who was hurrying down the wide staircase to the lobby. Jordan's first glance was one of astonishment, his second of suspicion. The reputation of Julius Broughton for mischief was not one to be lightly overlooked. But Julius's air of earnestness was disarming.

"No joking, Ridge," he said. "Mr. Waldron and I wandered over here on a long tramp. Dot wouldn't tell me where you people were going. We meant to take the train at nine forty-five, but—well, you know timetables. It turned out to be a

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down train instead of an up train. It was all my fault. It wouldn't matter, but Mr. Waldron will miss a more than important engagement with a ship sailing for South America if he doesn't get back to catch the eleven-fifty to town. You see, there isn't a conveyance here—"

But of course there was no need to explain further. Jordan was a gentleman, and even if he had doubted Julius there was no doubting the expression in the eyes of the man to whom Julius now presented him. Young Jordan knew a man of serious affairs when he saw one; unquestionably he saw one now. He promptly offered seats in one of the cars.

Waldron expressed his regret that they should be obliged to force themselves upon a private party, and Jordan assured him that it would be a pleasure to serve them, although he said it with one more appraising glance at Julius. He added that he would take them in his own car, that being the only one which had two seats to spare.

Jordan went to the desk and gave an order, then returned to his party upstairs.

Julius and Waldron retired to the porch. Presently the party came trooping out, arrayed for the trip. Dorothy in an enveloping white coat, her hat replaced by a particularly effective little rose-coloured bonnet of her own manufacture, found herself confronted upon the lantern-lighted porch, as she was about to step into the car, by her brother with a strange man at his elbow.

She looked straight up at him, as Julius presented him. He looked down straight at her, and for an appreciable period of time the two pairs of eyes continued to dwell upon each other. Until this extraordinarily thorough mutual survey was over neither said a word. The other man and girl of Jordan's car were an engaged pair, absorbed in each other, an astute reason for his selection of them to accompany himself and Dorothy.

The rear seat of the car easily held four people. Ashworth and Miss Vincent occupied two of the places; during the day Jordan and Dorothy had held the other two. Ashworth had already handed in Miss Vincent. The two chaperons of the party young Jordan had throughout the day thoughtfully bestowed in the other cars.

"Put my friend beside Sis, will you, Ridge?" suggested Julius in his host's ear. "They used to be old schoolmates, and haven't met for years. He's off to-morrow for a long stay. It's their only chance to talk of old times."

Jordan nodded; there was nothing else to do. He could joyfully have taken his friend Julius by the scruff of his neck and hurled him out into the night, if by some miracle he could suddenly have become that young man's superior in strength. But social

training prevailed over natural brute instinct, and it was with entire politeness that he made this arrangement for his guests.

He then put Julius into the seat beside the chauffeur, and himself took one of the extra folding seats, swinging it about to half face those upon the rear seat. In this manner he was nearly as close to Miss Dorothy Broughton as he would have been beside her—nearly, but not quite! To his notion there was all the difference in the world.

III

KIRKE WALDRON, understanding intuitively the position as come-between in which he had been placed in Ridgeway Jordan's big motor by Julius's misreading of the railway timetable, and, as far as that part of the situation was concerned, wishing himself a hundred miles away, was also keenly alive to that which the gods—and Julius—had given him by seating him beside Dorothy. As the car hummed down the long trail from the inn he played his part with all the discretion of which he was capable. He talked a little with Dorothy—not too much; he talked considerably more with Ridgeway Jordan—but not more than was necessary.

Dorothy, sitting beside him, reminded Julius, as from time to time he glanced contentedly back at her from his place beside the chauffeur, of a particularly demure kitten in the presence of two well-bred but definitely intentioned hunting dogs. She was very quiet, and only now and then he caught a word or two from her or the low sound of the attractive contralto laugh.

Just once, as the car whirled through a brightly lighted square in a small village where a country festival of some sort was in progress, he saw her take advantage of a moment when everybody's attention was caught by the scene, and look suddenly and absorbedly at Kirke Waldron's face in profile. But when Ridge Jordan whirled about upon his folding seat, to call her attention to the antics of a clown in the square, she was ready for him with a smile and a gay word of assent. Julius laughed to himself. There was no question that Kirke's face, even in profile, was one to make Ridge's look insignificant. As for the man himself—

The car, rushing on through the summer night, its powerful searchlights sending ahead a long, clear lane of safety where the road was straight, but making the dark walls on either side resolve into black pockets of mystery where the curves came, approached one of those long winding descents, followed by a second abrupt turn and a corresponding ascent, which are—or should be—the terror of motorists. All

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good drivers, at such places, hurling themselves through the darkness, sound warning signals, lest other cars, less cautious, be rushing towards them without sound of their coming.

Jordan's chauffeur took this precaution, and the mellow but challenging notes of his horn were winding a long warning when the thing happened which Fate had intended to happen.

Another car dashed around the lower turn, apparently not hearing the warning, or determined to ignore it, that no momentum with which to climb the steep grade coming should be lost. There was an instant in which the two drivers glimpsed each other out of the gloom of the unlighted curve; then quick action upon the part of both—lightning-like swerves to avoid the danger—two great cars rocking each on the brink of disaster, then righting themselves and running into safety, not pausing to let any look back and ponder upon the closeness of the escape.

Julius himself had sat absolutely still beside the chauffeur, his muscles tensely bracing themselves for whatever might come. Ashworth had caught Miss Vincent, rigid with fear, into his arms. Waldron, throwing up the arm next to Dorothy to grasp her with it, felt her hand leap towards him, and with his free hand seized it in his own.

Staring straight ahead then they saw a strange thing, yet not so strange when one remembers human nature. Ridgeway Jordan had leaped to his feet and thrown one leg over the side of the car ready to jump, when, before he could complete the movement, the car righted itself and he sank back into his seat.

"My goodness!" Julius murmured under his breath, and glanced at the chauffeur.

That nearly imperturbable youth grunted in return. His hands were steady upon the wheel, but he laughed a little shakily.

Then Julius gazed back into the depths of the car. He could not see much, for the trees at this point were heavily overshadowing the road, but he made out that Ridge Jordan was sitting stiffly in his seat, with—strange to observe!—his head turned towards the front of the car. Behind him the other figures were still and silent. Julius guessed that nobody felt like speaking; he did not feel like it himself.

Dorothy, her heart beating in a queer, throat-choking way, became conscious that her hand was held close and warm in another hand. An arm that had been about her, whose clasp she had not consciously felt but now remembered, had been withdrawn at the moment that the danger had passed. But evidently—for the car had now gone a quarter of a mile beyond the crucial point and was running smoothly along a wider and less dangerous high-

way—her hand had been imprisoned in this strange grasp for some time.

She made a gentle but decided effort to withdraw it, an effort which secured its release at once but brought a low question in her ear:

"Are you all right?"

"I—think so," she murmured in reply.

It was not only the shock of the just avoided danger which held her in its grip, but the other and even more startling revelations which had come with it. Her head was whirling, her pulses were thrilling with the conflict of new and strange impressions.

The low voice pressed the question: "Not faint—nor frightened?"

She looked up at him then for an instant, although she could barely see the outlines of his face. "Not with you here," she answered breathlessly, with the impulse towards absolute honesty with which such an experience sometimes shakes the spirit out of its conventionalities.

He was like a statue beside her for the space of six of her heartbeats. Then his hand again found hers, pressed it in both of his, and let it go; and his quiet speech, the note deeper than before, came once more in her ear:

"I shall never forget that."

They went on in silence.

After a time Ridge Jordan turned about and made a carefully worded inquiry into the comfort of his guests, which they answered with as careful assurances that they were entirely comfortable and confident.

Ridge's voice was not quite natural. A biting shame was harassing him, whose only alleviation was the possibility that nobody—or at least not Dorothy—had noticed in the excitement of the moment the part that he had played. He was saying to himself, wretchedly, that he had not known it of himself, that he could not have believed it of himself. How could he have done it—have had the impulse, even, to leap to safety and leave her behind? Had she seen—had she seen? Yet when, after a time, she leaned forward and spoke to him of her own accord, her voice was so kind, rang with such a golden note, that he felt with sudden relief that she could not have seen.

He turned about and began to talk again, growing more and more secure in his belief that at the supreme moment of danger nobody had thought of anybody but himself or herself, and by the time the car drew into the town Jordan was serene again.

Under the first of the town lights Julius took counsel with his watch. He swung about and spoke tersely: "You and I'd better jump out here and make for the station, Waldron. It's closer to train time than I thought. We're awfully obliged to you, Ridge."

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"We'll go that way. It's only a little way cut of our course," Jordan insisted, eager to speed the parting guest.

The car drew towards the lights which revealed the pretty little station at which Waldron had arrived in the morning. The glancing radiance illumined the whole interior of the car under its wide-spreading, hooded top. Waldron could see Dorothy's brilliant eyes, the curve of her lips, the rose colour in her cheeks repeating warmly the deeper rose colour of the little silk bonnet which kept her dark hair in order—all but one wild-willed little curly strand which had escaped and was blowing about her face. Dorothy, in her turn, could see Waldron's clean-cut, purposeful face, his deep-set eyes, the modelling of his strong mouth and chin, the fine line of his cheek.

As they had looked at each other when they first met, so they looked at each other again before they parted. Yet between the meeting and the parting, something had happened. It was in his eyes as he looked at her; it was in her eyes as for one instant, before she dropped bewildering lashes, she gave him back his look. It meant that South America was not so far away but that a voyager could come back over the same high seas which had conveyed him there. And when he came—

"I'm grateful to you, Mr. Jordan," Waldron said, shaking hands beside the car, "more than I can say to you. You have done me a greater kindness than you know. Good night—to you all!"

He went away with Julius without a glance behind after the salute of his lifted hat, which included everybody.

Julius, after seeing his friend off with a sense of comradeship more worth while than any he had known, walked rapidly back, eager for a word with Dorothy. Quick as he was, however, she was quicker, and he found her locked into her own room. By insisting on talking through the door he got her to open it, but there was not so much satisfaction in this as he had expected, because she had extinguished her lights.

"How did you like him?" was his first, eager question.

"Very well," said a cool, low voice in the darkness. "Much better than the trick you used to carry out your wishes."

"Trick!" her brother exclaimed, all the angel innocence he could summon in his voice. "When you wouldn't tell me a word of where you were going!"

"You guessed it. It was abominable of you."

"Oh, see here! If I hadn't managed it you wouldn't have seen him—and he wouldn't have seen you."

"And what of that?" queried the cool voice—cool but sweet. Dot's voice even in real anger was never harsh.

"Well, what of it?" was the counter-question. "Can you honestly say you wish you hadn't met him, a real man like that?"

There was silence. Julius moved cautiously across the room, avoiding chairs as best he could. "Be honest now. Isn't he the real sort? And isn't Ridge Jordan—"

"Please don't talk about poor Ridge that way, Jule."

"Poor Ridge!" cried Julius. "Well, well, you didn't speak of him that way this morning. What's happened?"

"Nothing has happened. That is—"

He came close. There was a queer little shake in Dorothy's voice. She began to laugh, then suddenly to cry. Julius came near enough to pat her down-bent head.

"Did that confounded close call shake you up a bit?" he inquired sympathetically. "By George! when I think what I let you and Kirke and everybody in for, starting earlier than they meant and all that, so we were just in time to meet that fool in the worst place on the road—"

Dorothy looked up. To his astonishment she sprang to her feet and clasped him about the neck, burying her face on his shoulder. She began to say something into his ear, laughing and crying at the same time, so that all he was at length able to gather was that she didn't regret the close call at all, for it had shown her—had shown her—

Julius had not seen Ridge Jordan make his move to spring from the car, but he had felt it—felt Ridge's hand strike his shoulder, his knee hit his back. He had not taken in its meaning at the instant, but when he had turned about and seen Ridge sitting stiffly facing ahead it came to him what had happened at the crisis. He had wondered whether Dot had seen it. Now he knew. Not that she said it. In fact she said nothing intelligible, but she held her brother tight before she sent him away; and somehow he understood that Fate had helped him to show Dorothy her "real man."

Somehow she had known that Waldron would write. It was impossible to recall his face and not know that he was a man of action. He would not go away for six months and leave behind him only a memory to hold her thoughts to his. She wondered only when his letter would come.

IV

THE holidays were over, and Dorothy was back at her sister's home in town. The postman was accustomed to leave the letters in an interesting heap upon the table in Mrs. Jack Elliot's hall. Dorothy, from the very morning after her arrival, had found herself scanning the pile with a curious sense of anticipation. She wondered what Waldron's

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handwriting was like. She recalled his workmanlike little figures upon the blackboard, and made up her mind that his penmanship would be of a similar character, compact and regular. Another man would have sent her flowers before he sailed. Instinctively she knew that Waldron would not do this; she did not expect or wish it. But he would write—unquestionably. How would he write? That was the question which made her pulses thrill.

It was some time before the letter came, as she had guessed it would be. He had written on shipboard, and the letter came back to her from Barbados, the first West Indian island at which his ship had touched. Coming in one September evening from a long walk through the hazy air Dorothy found the letter on the hall table. She knew it was his before she saw the postmark; recognised, as if she had often seen it, the clean-cut, regular lettering. She picked up the letter and went away upstairs with it to her room. Here she locked the door.

She placed the letter upon her dressing-table and studied its envelope while she removed her dress, brushed and arranged her hair, and put on the frock she intended to wear for the evening; she was going with Tom Wendell to a small dance at the home of a special friend. She did not open the letter, but left it, unopened, propped up against a little pink silk pincushion, giving it one last glance as she switched off the light before closing the door.

On the evening of the Clifford-Jordan wedding Ridgeway Jordan, brother of the bride and best man to the bridegroom, had offered himself in marriage to the maid of honour, Dorothy Broughton. She had done her best to prevent him, but he had reached such a stage of despairing passion that he could no longer be managed, and did the deed at a moment when she could not escape. Being gently but firmly refused, he had declared his life to be irretrievably ruined, and immediately after the wedding had flung himself out of town, vowing that she would not be bothered with the sight of the work her hands had wrought. When another long-time friend, Thomas Wendell, seized the opportunity of Ridge's absence to further his own claims to Dorothy's preference, she, profiting by painful experience, had somehow made it clear to him that only comradeship was in her thoughts. Even on these tacit terms Wendell was eager to serve as escort whenever she would allow it.

On this September evening he was on hand early and bore her away with unconcealed satisfaction. "I say," he observed in the pause of a waltz, "did you happen to have a fortune left you to-day?"

"Why, Mr. Wendell?" Dorothy's face grew instantly sober.

"Oh, don't turn off the illumination! I'm

sorry I spoke. It was only that you somehow seemed—well, not exactly unhappy to-night, and I couldn't get at the cause. I should like to flatter myself that I'm the cause, but I know better."

"I must be a gloomy person ordinarily if there seems any change to-night. Don't be foolish, please. I've had no fortune left me; I never shall have."

She felt not unlike one with a fortune, however, a fortune of unknown character about to be made known to her, as, shortly after midnight—Dorothy kept comparatively early hours when she went to dances—she opened the door of her room again. Her first glance was for the letter. There it stood as she had left it. More than once during the evening she had caught herself fearing that something might happen to it in her absence. She might find the letter gone—for ever gone—and unread! She smiled at it as she saw it standing there, but still she did not open it. She took off her dancing frock, braided her hair for the night in two heavy plaits, and slipped into a little loose gown of cambric, lace, and ribbon before at last she approached the waiting letter.

Why she did all this, putting off the reading of it until the latest possible moment, only a girl like Dorothy Broughton could have told. And even when she broke the seal it was with apparently reluctant fingers. It was so delightful not to know, yet to be upon the verge of knowing! But as soon as the first words met her eyes there was no longer any delay. She read rapidly, her glance drinking in the letter at a draught.

"ON BOARD S.S. *Westerwald*, OFF
BRIDGETOWN, BARBADOS.

"DEAR MISS BROUGHTON,—The first time I saw you was the day you came to school for the first time. You wore a blue sailor dress with a white emblem on the sleeve, and your curly black hair was tied with red ribbons. You did not see me that day—not any other day for a long time; I was simply not in your field of vision. That year I was wearing my elder brother's suit, and I had pressed him rather closely in inheriting it, so that it was none too large for me. I remember that the sleeves were a bit short. Anyhow, whether it was the fault of the suit or not, I had a very indefinite idea what to do with my feet when they were not in action, and even less at times when they were. I recall vividly that there seemed to be a sort of ground swell between my desk and the blackboard, so that I never could walk confidently and evenly from the one to the other. When by any chance I imagined your eyes were turned my way the ground swell became a tidal wave.

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"Once, just once, I was allowed to help you with a lesson. You were unable to make head or tail of a problem in fractions; I don't think figures were your strong point! Miss Edgewood began to show you; an interruption came along. I happened to be at her elbow—I had a sort of reputation for figures—she called on me to help you out. I remember that at the summons my heart turned over twice, and its action after that was irregular, affecting my breathing and making my hand shake. Luckily it did not upset my brain, so that I was able to make the thing clear to you. I dared not look at you! You did not grasp it at first, and you stamped your foot and said: 'But I don't see any sense in it!' I replied with a tremendous effort at lightening the situation: 'Plenty of pence, though!' At which you turned and gave me a look—at first of pride and anger, then melting into appreciation of my wit, and ending by blinding me with the beauty of your laughter! We went on from that famously, and you saw the thing clearly and thanked me. I thought I knew you then—had made myself a friend of yours. Next day, alas! you passed me with a nod. But I never forgot what it might be like to know you.

"We are thirteen days out from Southampton. Shall call at Barbados to-day. Another five days will bring us to Puerto Colombia; then for the river trip which will take me within thirty miles of the camp in the mountains. When I am up at the mines I shall write again. My address will be Puerto Andes, Colombia, the port of the company. If some day, when I go down the trail to send off my report, I should find a letter from you, I should go back the happier. Meanwhile I am, faithfully yours,
"KIRKE WALDRON."

Dorothy went over and stood by the window, gazing out into the September night. It was an unpretentious letter enough, but she liked it—liked it very much. He had gone back to the beginning, picked up the one link between them in their past, the fact that they had been schoolmates. He had dared to remind her of his poverty, of his awkward schoolboy personality, and of the fact that even in those days he had cared how she might regard him. Well, as for the poverty, she knew his family; knew that it was of good stock, that his parents were people of education and refinement, and that circumstances wholly honourable had been the cause of their lack of resources.

Should she answer the letter? How should she not answer it? Delay, then, lest he think her too eager with her reply? Why?—when she knew as well as he, and he as well as she, that the thing was already done, that the mutual attraction had been of the sort which holds steadily to the end.

Yet, being a woman, she could not fling herself into his arms at the first invitation. And indeed he had not invited. He had counted on her wish to begin at the beginning and play the beautiful, thrilling play through to the end.

So she delayed a little before she wrote. She let one ship, two ships, sail without her message, so that it would not be at the first tramping of the trail into Puerto Andes that he should find the letter. When it finally left her hands it was a very little letter after all, and one which it could not be imagined would take three days to write—as it had!

"DEAR MR. WALDRON,—I think I know quite well that the little girl of the curly black hair, red ribbons, and blue sailor dress was a very audacious, pugnacious little person, and I wonder that you were willing to help her through the tangle of fractions as you did so cleverly. I well remember thinking you a very wonderful scholar, but you were so much older than I that I admit not thinking about you very much. It was like that small girl to stamp her ridiculous foot; she has gone on stamping it, more or less, all her life. But I believe she has done some smiling too.

"It was very interesting to hear from the depths of Colombia; school days are so far gone by I had to look it up on the map. Is it very hot there, and do you live on bananas and breadfruit? I don't mind showing how little I know, because then you may tell me about it. I am really going to read up South America at once, so that I may be an intelligent if not a 'gentle' reader.

"Very good luck to you there, wished you by

"DOROTHY BROUGHTON."

As promptly as the return mails could bring her a reply one came, although it was, of course, a matter of weeks. During those weeks Dorothy had not only "read up" on the subject of South America with especial reference to Colombia; she had also posted herself, so far as a general reader may, concerning the rather comprehensive subject of mining engineering. This knowledge helped her to an understanding of Waldron's next letter. He gave her a brief but graphic description of his surroundings in a camp upon the mountains, reached by a trail of nearly thirty miles from Puerto Andes. Certain long-delayed and badly needed machinery had arrived at ten o'clock on the previous evening, packed over the trail by mules. This had been unloaded by three in the morning, and the engineers had been so glad to see the stuff at last that they had been unwilling to go at once to bed, tired as they were. The mail had come by the same route, and it had been by the

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smouldering camp fire of the early morning that Waldron had read his letter from Dorothy. "Such a very short letter!" he said of it, and continued:

"Yet it was more welcome than you can guess. I had done a lot of speculating as to what it would look like when it came—if it came—and it looked not unlike what I had fancied. I was sure you wouldn't write one of those tall, angular hands, ten words to a page, which remind one of linked telegraph poles. Neither would you be guilty of that commonplace little round script which school-children are taught now, and which goes on influencing their handwriting all their days. There would be character in it, I thought—and there was!

"It made me long for more—that letter! I wonder if you have the least idea what it feels like to be off in a country like this, your only real companion another engineer. Splendid fellow, Hackett, an American from Boston way, and I couldn't ask a better; and the work is great. But there comes an hour now and then when there seems more beauty in one small letter postmarked 'home' than in all the gorgeous sunsets of this wonderful country.

"May I write often and at length? I can think of no happier way to spend the hour before we turn in than in writing to you. And if you will answer my letters, as you have been so good as to do with my first one, I shall have the most compelling reason of my life to watch the mails.

"I want—as I wanted when a schoolboy—to 'know you.' I want you to know me. There is no way in which this can be accomplished for a long time to come except by letters. Won't you agree to this regular interchange? I don't mean that which I presume you mean when you say it will be 'interesting to hear from Colombia.' You mean, I suppose, a letter now and then, at the intervals which conventionality imposes at the beginning of a correspondence, possibly shortening as time goes on, but taking at least half a year to get under way. I want to get under way at once! Even if you answer my letters as soon as you get them I shall not hear from you too often. Please!

"I am an engineer, you know; that means a fellow who is trained to action—all the time. If he can't get results fast enough by working his men by day he works them by night also—day-and-night shifts—and works with them, too, much of the time. In that way—well, samples taken from our south drift assay more than we had dared to hope a ton, but not till we got well in. The vein may pinch out, of course, but there are no signs of it. I expect it to widen instead, and grow richer in quality. So—if you'll forgive the miner's analogy—with another vein I know of—the finest sort of gold!"

So the correspondence began. It was easy for a young woman of Dorothy's discernment to see that here was no case for a long-distance flirtation, if she had wanted one. From the moment when she had flung her left hand into Waldron's right, and that other moment when she had told him with absolute truth that she was not afraid with him beside her, he had taken her at her word. She could not play with him, even if he had been near her; far less now that thousands of miles separated them. She answered with a letter of twice the length of her first one, a gay little letter, full of incident and her comments thereon. The reply came promptly, and this time it was a long one. He told her many details of the situation as it was developing in these new, extraordinarily promising mines; and she found it as fascinating as a fairy tale. But, of course, although she read these pages many times over, she read more often certain opening and closing passages. One ran like this:

"Now to bed—and to work again with the dawn. While I am writing to you I forget everything about me. Natives may chatter near me; I don't hear them. My friend Hackett may come and fire a string of questions at me; he tells me afterwards my answers wouldn't do credit to a monkey on a stick. I am lost in the attempt to put your face before me—your face as I saw it last. There was not much light in the car, but what there was fell on your face. I see rose colour always; what was it—the bonnet?—if they call those things bonnets! I see more rose colour—reflection? I see a pair of eyes which were not afraid to look into mine—for a minute; only for a minute—but I can see them.

"The night grows cold. Even in the tropics the nights may be cold in the mountains. My fire has burned down to a few coals. My bunk awaits me. I thought I was tired when I sat down to write. I'm not tired now—refreshed!

"Good night! Sleep well—somewhere over there in the Old Country!"

After this letter Dorothy Broughton went about like a girl in a dream.

Yet she was so practical a girl, had been so thoroughly trained to fill her days with things worth while, that she was able to keep up a very realistic appearance of being absorbed in the old round of duties and pleasures. She was leading a life by no means idle or useless.

The day before Christmas Eve, the arrival of a particularly thick letter from Colombia gave her a more than ordinarily delightful sense of anticipation. Her brother Julius, at home for the annual festival, saw it upon the hall table three seconds before she

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did, and captured it. He withdrew from his breast pocket another letter in a similar handwriting addressed to himself. With an expression of great gravity he compared the two while Dorothy held out her hand in vain.

"Don't be in a hurry," he advised her. "There is a curious likeness between these two addresses—not to mention the envelopes—which interests, but baffles, me. The word 'Broughton' in both cases begins with an almost precisely identical B. The small 't' is crossed in almost exactly the same manner—with a black bar of ink which indicates a lavish disposition. The whole address upon your letter seems to me to bear a close and remarkable resemblance to the address upon mine. Another point which should not be overlooked: both are postmarked with a South American stamp, a Colombian stamp, with—yes—with the same stamp. What can this mean? I—"

"When you are through with your nonsense—" Dorothy still extended her hand for her letter.

Julius sat down upon the third step of the staircase, his countenance indicating entire absorption in the comparison before him. He held the letters in one hand; with his other he made it clear to his sister that her nearer approach would be resisted. "There is one point where the likeness fails," he mused. "My letter is an ordinary one as to thickness; it consists of two meagre sheets of rather light-weight paper. Your letter, on the other hand, strikes me as extraordinarily bulky. Now where—"

"Jule, I'm busy," Dorothy interrupted him. "Will you please—"

"Just as I get on the trail of this thing you insist on diverting my mind," her brother complained bitterly. He held the two letters at arm's length, continuing to study them while his extended hand kept his sister away. But she now turned and walked off down the hall.

He looked after her with a sparkle in his black eyes. "Sis," he entreated, "don't go. I need your help. Have you by any chance an inkling as to the sender of these curiously similar epistles?"

She turned. Her eyes were sparkling too. She shook her head.

"I'll tell you what," cried the inspired Julius, "let's read 'em together, paragraph by paragraph. Look here, I dare you to!" he suddenly challenged her. "Mine first." Stuffing his sister's letter into his pocket he spread forth his own. "I suppose you always read the last page first," said he. "I've understood women do. So we'll begin at the last page. Listen!"

She would have left him, but he had walked over to her and now held her by the wrist while he began to read. It was impossible for her eyes to resist the drawing power of that now familiar penmanship.

"In this way forty-two miles of trail were cleared from ten to fourteen feet wide, most of our efforts being concentrated on the grading, bridges, and corduroying. Four pastures were cleared out, of about seven, six and four cabullos each, or about twenty-three to twenty-six acres in all. These pastures were burned and grass has started in most of them. We built palm houses or shacks at each stopping-place. We feel pretty well settled with the trail. You must not get the idea that we have an automobile road, for we haven't, but we are now much better prepared to handle supplies and machinery."

Julius looked up. "Suppose yours is as thrilling as that? Now for a paragraph of yours. Shall I open it for you?"

But by a quick motion she escaped him and had the letter. She was laughing as she slipped it into some unknown place about her dress.

"Now see here," Julius persisted, following her up the stairs. "I have to look into this, as a brother. Judging by the bulk of that letter it is not the first one from the same person. How long have you two been corresponding in my absence and without my permission?"

Dorothy turned and faced him. Her face was full of vivid colour, but her eyes were daring. "Since August."

"Hm! Does he write entertaining letters?"

"Very."

"Gives you a full report of his operations, I suppose, with a dip into the early history of the country and the result of his researches into the Spanish settlement?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Ever touch on anything personal—mutually personal, I mean, of course?"

"Never."

Julius scanned her face. "He writes me," said he, "that instead of staying only six months it's likely to be at least a year before he can leave the country. The company who picked him to go over and put this thing through has decided to make a much bigger thing of it than was at first intended. Too bad, eh? Fine for him; but a year's quite a stretch for a chap who, as I recall it, went away with some reluctance—just at the last."

Dorothy met his intent eyes without flinching. "He is so interested in his work I should say it was not too bad at all," she responded.

She then was allowed to make her escape, while Julius went back downstairs, smiling to himself. "That shot told," he exulted.

In her room Dorothy opened her letter. If Julius's news were true she would soon know it. Out of the envelope fell a small packet of photographs, but it was not their presence alone which had made it so bulky.

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The letter itself was three times as long as her brother's.

Dorothy eagerly examined the photographs which had fallen out of Kirke Waldron's letter. They had been taken all about the camp in Colombia and the surrounding country, picturing the progress that had been made in the development of the mines. In one or two of the pictures, showing groups of native workmen, she made out Waldron's figure, usually presenting him engaged in conversation, his back turned to the lens. But one picture had been taken in front of his own shack with its palm-leaf thatching. He was standing by the door, leaning against the lintel, dressed in his working clothes, pipe in hand, looking straightforwardly out of the picture at her and smiling a little. The figure was that of a strong, well-built, outdoors man, the face full of character and purpose, lighted by humour. The steady eyes seemed very intent upon her, and it was a little difficult for her to remind herself that it was undoubtedly his fellow-engineer and friend Hackett at whom he was gazing with so much friendliness of aspect rather than at her far-away self.

The letter, however, towards its close set her right upon this point. He had told her of his decision to stay and see the full development of the mine through, in spite of the wrench it cost him to think of remaining a year, if not more, without a break. Then, going on to describe the taking of the photograph, he had written:

"The Company is very glad to get as much as we can send it of actual illustration of our labours, so we make it a point to snap these scenes from time to time. There is one picture, however, which was not taken for the Company. Hackett asked me to hold the lens on him for a shot to send to somebody up North in his own country, so we went inside and freshened up a bit and came out grinning. I grinned back as I took the picture, and said I was glad to see him so cheerful. He replied that the smile was not for me—that though he had apparently looked at me he had really been looking through me at a person about as different from myself as I could well imagine.

"It's a poor rule that doesn't work both ways, so I then took my place by the door of our palatial residence, and gazed—apparently—at Hackett's Indian-red visage. I found it entirely possible to forget, as he had done, the chap before me, and see instead—well, look at the picture! And please don't let those lashes drop too soon! When I imagine them they always do!"

It was thus that the correspondence went on. Dorothy never replied directly to such paragraphs as these, but she did send him, a few weeks after the arrival of the Colom-

bian photographs, a little snapshot of herself taken in winter costume as she was coming down the steps of her home. It was an exquisite bit of portraiture, even though of small proportions, and it called forth the most daring response he had yet made:

"I know you wouldn't want it pinned up in the shack, and it's much too valuable to risk leaving it among my other possessions there. So I carry it about in an old leather letter case in my pocket. I hope you don't mind. I'm a little afraid of wearing it out, so I've constructed a sort of frame for it, out of a heavy linen envelope, which will bear handling better than the little picture. . . . You are looking straight out at me—at me? I wish I knew it! Won't you tell me—Dorothy? You can trust me—can't you? There are some things which can't be said at long distance; they must wait. I get to feeling like a storage battery sometimes—overcharged! Meanwhile, trust me—Dorothy!"

But she would send him only this:

"Of course I was looking at you. Why not? It's only courtesy to recognise the salutation of a gentleman disguised in working clothes, standing in the door of a queer-looking South American residence. Besides—he looks rather well, I think!"

V

THE spring that followed was a memorable one for Dorothy Broughton. Her brother Julius had finished his college course, and was lucky enough to get a good appointment with a firm of merchants. They stipulated that before going to the office he must spend three or four months learning the ropes at their American house—a proposition the young man entertained with solemn rapture, as it involved a sight of the world he had hitherto longed for in vain. It so happened that about the same time the newly wed Mrs. Clifford was sending pressing invitations to the two sisters to pay her a visit at her New England home. Julius's new appointment made the proposition a practicable one, and the three duly sailed for New York. Of the delights of those hurried two months little need be said. The widening effect of travel, the broadening experience of seeing how other peoples live, was not lost on such a girl as Dorothy Broughton.

One April evening Mr. Julius Broughton, sitting comfortably in his apartments in the suburb of a New England town, was summoned to the telephone. Bringing his feet to the floor with a thump, flinging aside his book, and puffing away at his pipe, he lounged unwillingly to the telephone office.

The following brief conversation ensued,

"THE TIME OF HIS LIFE"



"I am lost in the attempt to put your face before me—your face as I saw it last"—p. 542.

Drawn by
Will Foster.

causing a sudden and distinct change in the appearance of the young man.

"Broughton," he acknowledged the call.

"Broughton? This is Waldron—Kirke Waldron."

"Who?"

"Waldron; up from Colombia, South America. Forgotten me?"

"What! Forgotten you! I say, when did you come? Where are you? Will you—"

The distant voice cut in sharply. "Hold on. I've just about one minute to spend talking. Can you come along to the Warrington Street Station? If you'll be there at ten, sharp, under the south-side clock, I can see you for ten minutes before I leave for the train. I want to see you very much. Explain everything then."

"Of course I'll come; delighted! Be right down. But aren't you going to—"

"I'll explain later," said Waldron's decisive voice again. "Sorry to ring off now. Good-bye."

"Well, great guns!" murmured Julius to himself as he replaced the receiver on the hook. "I knew the fellow was a hustler, but I should suppose that when he comes up from South America to telephone he might spend sixty or seventy seconds at it. Must be a sudden move; no hint of it in his last letter."

He consulted his watch. He would have to emulate Waldron's haste if he reached the Warrington Street Station by ten o'clock. He made a number of rapid moves, resulting in his catching a through car which bore him down town at express speed and landed him in the big station at a minute before ten. Hurrying through the crowd he came suddenly face to face with the man he sought.

Tanned to a seasoned brown, and looking as vigorous as a lusty pine tree, Waldron shook hands warmly.

But before Julius had more than begun his expressions of pleasure at seeing his friend again so unexpectedly Waldron turned and

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indicated a young man's figure in a wheel-chair. "That's my friend and associate engineer, Hackett, over there. He's had a bad illness, and I'm taking him home. We'll go over and speak to him in a minute. Meanwhile I shall have to talk fast. First, is your sister Dorothy well?" The direct gaze had in it no apology for speaking thus abruptly.

"Fine," Julius assured him. "Haven't you heard from her lately?"

"Not since I sailed—naturally—nor for a fortnight before that. I came away very unexpectedly, sooner than I should have done but for Hackett, who needed to get home. But the trip combines that errand with a lot of business—seeing the Company's American directors, consulting with different firms, looking up machinery and getting it shipped back with me on the next boat. I haven't an hour to spare anywhere but on this flying trip to Hackett's home, which will take twenty-four hours, and I shall have to work night and day. And—I want to see your sister."

"Does she know?" Julius demanded.

"Not a word. There was no way to let her know except to cable, and I—have no right to send her cable orders—or requests. Broughton, as I figure it out, I have just one chance to see her, and that only with your co-operation—and hers. I don't believe I need explain to you that it seems to me I must see her now she is in this country; going back without it is unthinkable. I don't know when I may be going back to England. Yet I can't neglect Hackett or my duty to the Company."

"Then, how the dickens—"

"I shall be coming back on the train that reaches this station at two o'clock, Saturday morning. It will go through your city at midnight. Would it be possible for you and Miss Dorothy to take that train when it leaves Boston Friday night, and so give me the time between there and your station?"

Julius Broughton, born plotter and situation maker as he was, rose to the occasion gallantly. It amused him immensely, the whole idea. He spent five seconds in consideration, his eye fixed on the lapel of Waldron's coat; then he spoke:

"Leave it to me. I'll have to get leave, of course, and I'll have to figure it out how to get round Dot. You mustn't think she's going to jump at the chance of going to meet a man instead of having him come to meet her. She's used to having men do the travelling, you know, while she stays at home and forgets they're coming."

"I know. And you know—and I think she knows also—that only necessity would make me venture to ask such a favour."

"I may have to scheme a bit."

"No, please don't. I prefer not to spend the time between stations explaining the

scheming and apologising for it. Put it to her frankly, letting her understand the situation."

Julius shook his head. "She's not used to it. She'll find it hard to understand why you couldn't stop off and get out to her place, if only for an hour."

"Then show her this."

Waldron took from his breast pocket a card, on which, in very small, close writing and figures was a concise schedule of his engagements for the coming five days, and, as he said, nights.

"Couldn't anybody else have seen Mr. Hackett home?" asked Julius.

"No," Waldron's tone settled that and left no room for dispute. "There are some things that can't be done, you know, and that's one of them." He glanced at the great clock over his head. "Come over and meet him."

Julius went.

A long, thin figure, wrapped in an ulster, reached out a hand, and a determinedly cheerful voice said, with an evident effort not to show the severe fatigue the journey was costing the convalescent: "Think of me as Sackett or Jackett or something. I'm no Hackett; they're a huskier lot."

"As you will be soon, of course," Julius broke in confidently.

"Colombia air is pretty fine, but your own native air is better for you," asserted Waldron. He nodded at a red-capped porter waiting near, and laid a hand on his friend's shoulder. "This chap is going to be all right when he gets where a certain little mother can look after him. Mothers and blood poisoning don't assimilate a bit. And now we have to be off, for I want to get my patient settled in his berth before the train pulls out, and it's due in about thirty seconds."

He turned aside for a final word with Julius. "I'm not asking too much?"

"Do you think you are?"

The two pair of eyes searched each other.

"I know Miss Dorothy is an orphan; I know, too, that you are her only brother. You understand that I mean to ask her to marry me, if I can have the chance. I could do it on paper. If you approve the match—and I think you do or you wouldn't have planned quite so cleverly last July."

"What?"

"You brought about that meeting, you know," said Waldron, smiling, with such a penetrating look that Julius felt it go past all defences.

"How do you know I did?"

"By a certain peculiar twist to your left eyebrow when that train came in from the wrong direction. You forgot that I went to school with you. I have seen that twist before; it meant only one thing."

"Well, I'll be— See here, it was after dark when that train—"

"THE TIME OF HIS LIFE"

"The hotel hand had a lantern. You unwisely allowed its rays to strike your face."

Julius burst into a smothered laugh. "Well, you're a good one!"

"I'm glad you think so—since I'm asking of you this thing you so dislike to do!"

"I don't dislike it; I'm delighted to have the chance. I'll have her on that train if I have to blindfold her."

"Don't do that. Show her the card."

The two shook hands with a strong grip of affection and understanding. Then Waldron, wheeling the chair himself, took his friend Hackett away as carefully as if he were conveying a baby. Julius, after seeing the party through the gates, went back to his rooms, his wits busy with the task which so took hold of his fancy.

Julius would have enjoyed scheming involvently, but Waldron had been too peremptory about that to allow of a particle of intrigue. So, before he slept, he sent his sister a special-delivery letter, knowing she would receive it in the morning. It stated, after describing the situation to her (with a few private and characteristic touches of his own), that he would call her up on the telephone to receive her reply, and that he would go through the city on a certain afternoon train on which she was to join him. This plan would give the pair time for a leisurely dinner in Boston before meeting Waldron upon the ten o'clock train.

When he had Dorothy on the telephone next morning he was not surprised that her first words were these:

"Julius—is it surely Julius? Well, I don't see how I can go!"

"Why not? Got the mumps—or any other disfiguring complaint?"

"Mercy, no! But—it can't be that it is necessary! He—he certainly could—"

"Did you read that schedule?"

Julius's voice had in it a commanding, no-compromise quality. He knew that this feminine evasiveness was probably inevitable; they were made that way, these girls.

"Ye-es, but—"

"Now listen. We've got three minutes to talk; we've used thirty seconds already saying nothing. I'm going to be on that train. I'm going to have that little trip with Kirke, and if you don't have it, it will be pure foolishness, and you'll cry your eyes out afterwards to think you didn't. He can't get to you; if he could he'd do it. You must know him well enough for that if you've been hearing from him all these months. Now, will you be there?"

"Julius! I'm afraid I—"

"Will you be there?"

"Why—don't you think I—perhaps I ought to have Bud—"

"No, I don't. I'm all the chaperon you'll need for this affair. If you go and get another woman mixed up with it you'll lose

half of your fun, for she'll be sure to forget she's the chaperon—you know Bud—and first you know you'll be chaperoning her. See? Will you be at the station? I'm going to hang up now in just fifteen seconds!"

"Oh, Jule—wait! I—"

"All right. I'll telephone down for the seats. Good-bye!"

He was on the vestibuled platform of his car to meet her when his train passed the city from whose suburbs she had come in. His eager eyes fell delightedly on the trimly modish figure his sister presented; he would be proud to take her back into his car.

It was April, and it was "raining cats and dogs" as Dorothy came aboard, but the blue rainproof serge of her beautifully fitting suit was little the worse therefore, and the close little black hat with the fetching feather was one to defy the elements, be they never so wildly spring-like.

"You're a good sport!" was Julius's low-pitched greeting as he kissed her.

"I feel like a buccaneer—or a pirate—or something very bold and wild and adventurous," she returned.

"You don't look it—except in your eye. I think I do see there the gleam of a desperate resolve." He bent over her devotedly as he put her in her seat, noting the effect on the young gentlemen who had been too slothful to leave the car, but who now, as he had predicted to himself, were "sitting up," both physically and mentally, as they covertly eyed his new travelling companion. "I admit it takes courage for an English girl to start out to meet a barbarian from the wilds of South America, unchaperoned except by a perfectly good brother."

"If I could be sure the brother would be perfectly good—" she suggested, smiling at him as she slightly altered the position of her chair so that the attentive fellow-travellers were moved out of her line of vision.

"I'm sworn to rigorous virtue," he replied solemnly. "He attended to that for you."

Dorothy looked out of the window. She looked out of the window most of the way to Boston, so that the interested youths opposite were able to enjoy only the averted line of her profile.

Julius, however, took delight in playing the lover for their benefit, and his attention to his sister would have deceived the elect. The result was a considerably heightened colour in Dot's face, which added the last touch of charm to the picture and completed her brother's satisfaction.

Arrived in the city, Broughton treated his sister to a delicious little dinner at a well-known hotel, which he himself relished to the full. He questioned whether she knew what she was eating or its quality, but she maintained an appearance of composure

THE QUIVER

which only herself knew was attained at a cost.

He then escorted her to a florist's and himself insisted upon pinning upon the blue serge coat a gorgeous corsage knot of deep-hued red roses and mignonette, which added to her quiet costume the one brilliant note that was needed to bring out her beauty as his artistic young eye approved.

She protested in vain. "I don't want to wear flowers—to-night, my dear boy."

"Why not? There's nothing conspicuous about that, these days. More conspicuous not to, you might say. You often do it yourself."

"I know, but—to-night!"

"He won't know what you have on. He's slightly delirious at this very minute, I have no doubt at all. When he sees you he'll go off his head. Oh, nobody'll know it to look at him; you needn't be afraid of that."

"Please stop talking about it," commanded his sister. But she did not refuse to wear the red roses.

"We're to meet him on the train, not in the station," Julius observed, as he hurried his sister across the great concourse. "He has to make rather a close connection. So we'll be in our seats when he arrives. Or, better yet, we'll get back on the observation platform and see him when he comes out of the gates. That'll give you the advantage of the first look. I like these American trains rather!"

Their car, it turned out, was the end one, and their seats at the rear end, as Julius had tried to arrange but had not been sure of accomplishing. Dorothy followed him through the car and out upon the platform. Here the two watched the crowds hurrying through the gates towards their own and other trains, while the minutes passed. Julius, watch in hand, began to show signs of anxiety.

He'd better be showing up soon," he announced as the stream of oncoming passengers began to thin. "It's getting pretty close to— There he is though! Good work. Come on, old fellow, don't be too leisurely! By George, that's not Kirke after all. Those shoulders—I thought it certainly was. But he'll come—oh, he'll come all right or break a leg trying!"

But he did not come. The last belated traveller dashed through the gates, the last signal was given, the train began very slowly to move.

"He's missed the connection," said Julius solemnly. "But we'll hear from him at the first stop; certainly we'll hear from him. We'll go inside the car and be prepared to answer up."

But neither at the first stop nor the second did the porter appear with a message for Mr. Broughton or for Miss Broughton, or for anybody whomsoever.

Dorothy sat quietly looking out of the window into the darkness, her cheek supported by her hand and shaded from her brother. She was perfectly cheerful and composed, but Julius guessed rightly enough that it was not a happy hour for her. She had come more than half-way to meet a man who had asked it of her, only to have him fail to appear. Of course, there was an explanation—of course; but—well, it was not a happy hour. The red roses on her breast drooped a very little; their counterparts in her cheeks paled slowly as the train flew on. An hour went by.

Some miles after stopping at a station the train slowed down again.

"Where are we?" queried Julius, peering out of the window, his hand shading his eyes. "Nowhere in particular, I should say."

The train stopped, began to move again, backing; it presently became apparent that it was taking a siding.

"That's funny for this train," said Julius, and went out on the rear platform to investigate.

In a minute or two another train appeared in the distance behind, rushed on towards them, slowed down not quite to a stop, and was instantly under way again. A minute later their own train began to move once more.

"Perhaps he's chartered a special and caught us up," said Julius, returning to his sister. "Perhaps he's made so much money down in Colombia that he can afford to hire specials. That was a special, all right—big engine and one Pullman. We couldn't be sidetracked for anything less important, I'm quite sure."

He stretched himself comfortably in his seat again with a furtive glance at his sister. He sat with his back to the car, facing her. He now saw her look down the car with an intent expression; then suddenly he saw the splendid colour surge into her face. Her eyes took fire—and Julius swung about to find out the cause.

"By George!" he said under his breath. "How in time has he made it?"

But Waldron as he came back through the car was not looking at Julius. Dorothy had risen and was standing by her chair, and though the newly arrived traveller shook hands with Julius as he met him in the aisle, it was only to look past him at the figure at the back of the car. The next instant his hand had grasped hers, and he was gazing as straight down into her eyes as a man may who has seen such eyes for the last nine months only in his dreams.

"You came!" he said; and there were wonder and gratitude and joy in his voice, so that it was not quite steady.

She nodded. "There seemed to be nothing else to do," she answered, and her smile was enchanting.



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"THE TIME OF HIS LIFE"

"Did you want to do anything else?"

She lifted her eyes for an instant and let him see her answer before she slowly shook her head, while the quick breath she could not wholly control stirred the red roses upon her breast.

"Now see here, old man," said Julius Broughton, "I know the time is short and all that, and I'm going to spend this next hour in the smoking-room and let you two have a chance to talk. But before I go my natural curiosity must be satisfied or I shall burst. Am I to understand that that gilt-edged special that passed us just now brought you to your appointment? And are you King of Colombia down there, or anything like that?"

Waldron turned, laughing. His browned cheek had a touch of a still warmer colour in it, his eyes were glowing.

"That certainly was wonderful luck," said he. "I reached the gate just as the tail-lights of this train were disappearing. As I turned away a man at my elbow asked if I minded missing it. I said I minded so much that if I could afford it I would hire a special to catch it. He said, very much as if he had been offering me a seat in his motor, that a special was to leave in a few minutes and that it would pass this train somewhere within an hour. He turned out to be the president of the road. We had a very interesting talk on the way down—or it would have been interesting if it had happened at any other time. I was so busy keeping an eye out for sidetracked trains that I now and then lost the run of the conversation."

"If the president of the road hadn't turned up," suggested Julius, "would you mind saying what other little expedient would have occurred to you?"

"I should have wired you, begging you to give me one more chance," admitted Waldron. "I should have wired you anyway, if I hadn't felt that it would have spoiled my dramatic entrance at some siding. And I wanted all the auxiliaries on my side."

Julius went away into the smoking compartment forward with a sense of having had Fate for a second time take a hand in a more telling management of other people's affairs than even he, with all his love of pulling wires, could effect. He looked back as he went, to see Waldron taking Dorothy out upon the observation platform.

"It's lucky it's a mild April night," he said to himself. "I suppose it wouldn't make any difference if a northeast blizzard were on."

"Will it chill the roses?" Waldron asked with a smile as he closed the door behind them, shutting himself and Dorothy out into the cool, wet freshness of the night, where

the two gleaming rails were slipping fast away into the blackness behind and only distant lights here and there betokened the existence of other human beings in a world that seemed all theirs.

"It wouldn't matter if it did," she answered.

"Wouldn't it? Can you possibly feel, as I do, that nothing in the world matters, now that we are together again?"

Again the direct question. But somehow she did not in the least mind answering; she wanted to answer. The time was so short!

With other men Dorothy Broughton had used every feminine art of evasion and withdrawal at moments of crisis, but she could not use them with this man.

She shook her head, laying one hand against her rose-red cheek, like a shy and lovely child—yet like a woman too.

He gently took the hand away from the glowing cheek, and kept it fast in his.

"I fell desperately in love with you when I was fifteen," said Kirke Waldron. "I carried the image of you all through my boyhood and into manhood. I saw you at different times while you were growing up, although you didn't see me. I kept track of you. I thought you never could be for me. But when we met last summer I knew that if I couldn't have you I should never want anybody. And when something happened that made you glad for just a minute to be with me, I knew I should never let you go. Then you gave me that last look, and I dared to believe that you could be made to care. Dorothy, they were pretty poor letters from a literary point of view that I've been sending you all these months, but I tried to put myself into them so that you could know just what sort of fellow I was. And I tried to make you see, without actually telling you, what you were to me. Did I succeed?"

"They were fine letters," said Dorothy Broughton. "Splendid, manly letters. I liked them very much. I—loved them!"

"Oh!" said Kirke Waldron, and became suddenly silent with joy.

After a minute he looked up at the too brilliant electric lights which flooded the platform. He glanced in at the occupants of the car, nearly all facing forward, except for one or two who were palpably asleep—negligible, certainly. Then he put his head inside the door, scanning the woodwork beside it. He reached upwards with one hand and in the twinkling of an eye the observation platform was in darkness.

"Oh!" breathed Dorothy in her turn. But the next thing that happened was the thing which might have been expected of a resourceful young mining engineer, trained, as he himself had said, "to action—all the time!"

THE END.



Unto each man his handiwork, unto each his crown

The just fate gives.
Whoso takes the world's life on him and his own lays down,
He, dying so, lives.

SWINEBURNE.

MY DEAR HELPERS.—The contrasts of this war are very sharp, very poignant to some of us. The thought of this came to me more acutely than ever—not, as you might think, within sight and sound of troops or camps or ambulances, but away in the West Country.

I was looking down from the grass-covered cliffs on a radiant sparkling sea; there was the fragrant breath of spring in the air, a lark singing deliciously high above me. Peace seemed to brood over this corner of the earth—outwardly. But to my companion and me, though we drank in the beauty of it, there was over it all a veil of sadness. To us no scene, however lovely, could ever be the same again, and we are only two among thousands and tens of thousands to whom the war has brought the full meaning of "never more." Never more the old joyous hopes of youth, the setting out for that land of El Dorado, which beckoned to most of us on the threshold of life. I glanced at him, the slim figure in khaki, the blue band which told of wounds, the lines that war and sorrow had engraved too early on a young face, the very firm and set lips, and the keen eyes gazing seawards.

We had been talking of the time when he was hit, when another equally dear to both of us had lost his life—a life of rarest promise and noblest ideals. The shadow of that loss lay between us like a cloud upon the dazzling landscape. For a moment Nature seemed hard, cruel, unheeding. It all went on across the sea—all that horror and bloodshed and destruction and screeching shells and agony and ghastliness—and still the little waves broke on the shore with a musical splash and the lark sang rapturously.

And some were fated to give up all that bound them to life. Rupert Brooke wrote:

These hearts were woven of human joys and cares,
Washed marvellously with sorrow, swift to mirth;

The years had given them kindness. Dawn was theirs,

And sunset, and the colours of the earth.

These had seen movement, and heard music; known

Slumber and waking; loved; gone proudly friended;

Felt the quick stir of wonder; sat alone;
Touched flowers and furs and cheeks. All this is ended.

Others were doomed to suffer pain and creep maimed through life afterwards, or to endure all the hardships and the weariness of long years of war, to be wounded and return again and again, to bear the heat and burden of the day. While others—

Others remained at home by the fireside, thanks to those who risk all, do all, dare all on the fields of France and the plains of Mesopotamia and the snows of Italy. For though there are tens of thousands who work with might and main at home, work for long hours, and grow weary and worn, yet their work is comfort compared with what our fighting men endure, who face death cheerfully every hour of the day.

And as I sat there gazing seawards, where beneath the sparkling waters, for all one knew, the hidden death was travelling on an errand of slaughter, a passionate desire came to me to do all within my power for those who have kept inviolate for us this "green isle in the sea."

I remembered how my companion had dwelt on the comfort of an ambulance after being hit. "I'd fallen down in the mud, you know, and it was pretty beastly, till the stretcher bearers came and carried me off; and then to feel you were in the ambulance and being carried off to a bed and peace and something to make the pain a bit less—well, it was just Heaven."

The thought of that possible QUIVER Motor Ambulance rose up before me. It is in our power—this little Army of Helpers—to give this to the men who are fighting for us. And all

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To Prevent—is the Divine Whisper of the Present."*

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Total, £327 18s. 3½d.

£400 Buys a Motor Ambulance

I am delighted with the swift response to the Silver Thimble Fund, and the realisation of THE QUIVER Motor Ambulance seems to be drawing very near. However, it is often the last amount which is the most difficult to get, so I beg all readers to redouble their efforts and to ask every friend whether he or she has not some oddment of gold or silver to spare for so good a cause. The gifts have, as usual, varied from a pair of magnificent gold bracelets sent by Her Grace the Duchess of Grafton (these bracelets realised £14 15s. when melted down) to one or two silver coins or an old silver brooch or bangle treasured for years. We are grateful for each and every gift that helps to bring us nearer to the sum—£400—that will buy the Ambulance. My warmest thanks to all helpers. Miss Hope Clarke's kind letter acknowledging our gift runs as follows:

Wimbledon,
February 9th, 1918.

DEAR MRS. LOCK,—£327 18s. 3½d.! I write these figures first, because it is strikingly wonderful how quickly you have raised such a large amount, and you will see at a first glance that your effort to provide an ambulance is an undoubted success. The number of thimbles is very large, bringing your grand total up to 720.

Our heartiest congratulations to you and to all the generous members of your QUIVER Army of Helpers. We beg you will accept our thanks not only for your contributions, but for the encouragement it gives us to continue our work.

Again thanking you and all,
Yours very sincerely,
H. E. HOPE CLARKE.

Gifts and their Givers

It is a source of great interest and pleasure to me to read the little notes that accompany the trinkets and the light they often throw upon the givers. And greatly do I value the kind messages from my readers. Here are two notes that pleased me very much:

I have read of the Silver Thimble Fund and am sending a small contribution from myself and friends.

The locket and ring were among my own treasures when a girl, and I am glad to give them for such a good cause. (Woodbury.)

I am sending these few oddments of gold and silver for the Fund, and hope they will be useful. The ring, of course, is worth most, as it is 18-carat; it belonged to a very dear friend, but I am sure she would rather it was sold than not used, and the opals have lost their lustre through not being worn. (A WELL WISHER, Walsall.)

Gay Bags

I am glad to be able to chronicle that another consignment of Gay Bags went off to Mrs. Ord Marshall. She says:

I write to thank you for the two parcels of Gay Bags which you have been kind enough to send us from the Army of Helpers. Indeed, we are delighted to have the bags, and they have been the greatest possible help. Only last week we heard from the Matron of a hospital in France, which is more isolated than most, begging for bags. One man writes to-day that the bagful we sent him was the most useful present he had had.

E. M. ORD MARSHALL.

So please send along bags and yet more bags. We can do with any quantity. The bags should be made of bright-coloured cretonne or sateen (flowered by preference), and should be 10 inches by 12 inches, to 12 inches by 14 inches, and should have a drawstring round the top. But a slight deviation in size does not matter. These Gay Bags are to hold a soldier's odds and ends in hospital, and readers who care to put a pencil, writing-block, cigarettes, handkerchief, etc., inside the bag will know that these "extras" are appreciated.

Glove-Waistcoat Society

A Fine Collection of Gloves and Fur

The response to the Glove-Waistcoat Fund continues to be very good. We sent 280 pairs of gloves and pieces of fur in our last parcel, and I have a very appreciative letter from Miss Cox.

For the benefit of new readers let me explain that we ask for old *kid* or *suede* gloves and pieces of fur for this Society, which makes these materials into splendid wind-proof waistcoats and fur gloves for mine-sweepers. The work gives employment to many poor sempstresses who would otherwise be out of work.

Please, kind readers, do not think that because summer is approaching there is no need for leather waistcoats and fur gloves. It is never too warm for these on the North Sea, and, moreover, the Glove-Waistcoat Society wants to lay in a stock for the coming winter. Do not be afraid of sending even one pair of kid gloves. Every pair helps to provide comfort for our gallant men on the sea.

St. Dunstan's Hostel

I want to quote from some of the many kind letters that came in response to my appeal for St. Dunstan's Hostel. A cheque for £78 7s. 1d. has been sent to Sir Arthur Pearson for the Hostel, and next month the sum realised for the Blinded Soldiers' Children's Fund will be forwarded to him.

THE QUIVER

Here are two of the letters which gave me much pleasure :

I enclose ros., to be used for the St. Dunstan's Blinded Soldiers and Sailors as a thankoffering for my own sight to enjoy the beauties of Nature I love so.—W. DE C., *Guernsey*.

The enclosed ros. was secured in the box on which label, also enclosed, was pasted, and represents gifts from quite poor people in the main. The final sixpence came from a little girl who heard that we had 9s. 6d. in hand and would like to make up the amount to ros., and was a gift she had just received from our Vicar.—Miss ROSA WATKINS, *Daybrook, Notts*.

Philip

I know you will all be interested to see the report for the last quarter of 1917 of Philip, whom THE QUIVER Helpers keep at the Homes for Little Boys at Farningham :

Reading, very good. Spelling, good. Writing very good. Composition, very good. Arithmetic, very good. Geography, very good. English History, good. Scripture, good. Elementary Science, good. Drawing and Colour Work, fairly good. Conduct, good.—S. LEA, *Headmaster*.
Conduct in Home, good. Health, good.—JAS. BELL, *Superintendent*.

I am very grateful to all those helpers who support Philip, and I trust they will send in contributions as soon as possible to make up the sum of £21 required for his support during this year. We have £10 in hand.

The following letter from an old *Little Folks* helper of mine, Lel Lorrimer, pleased me very much. She says :

I should so like to belong to THE QUIVER Army of Helpers. It was quite by chance I bought the December number. I liked it so much that I got the November number, and am much looking forward to the January number. I like your idea of "Odd Jobs," and send for my first odd job six gay bags and a ros. note. Will you give half to St. Dunstan's and the other half for Philip.

Letters in Brief

I was very glad to receive a number of interesting letters—some from far-away helpers of "Alison's," and I hope they will give me the support they gave to her. I trust, too, they will receive an answer from me, but in these days of submarines one never knows which letters will survive the journey across the world.

Welcome letters came from Miss Helen C. Tancock, Miss Winifred Ridley, Miss Muriel Walter, Mrs. Fox-Thomas, Miss Mabel Beauchamp, Miss Chilcott, Miss Dorothy Mackenzie, Miss Mary McCaw, Margaret, Mary and Mysie Davidson.

Long List of Helpers

Very welcome letters, contributions to St. Dunstan's and Philip, gold and silver oddments for Silver Thimble Fund, Gay Bags, kid gloves and fur, pictures and scraps, etc., came from :

Her Grace the Duchess of Grafton, Miss C. H. Howe, Gladys Firth, Mrs. McIntosh, Mrs. Bristow and Miss Badcock, Miss Gerring, Gertrude M. Ogle, Miss Gibson, E. Whitaker, Miss Jean W. Martin, Mrs. Harris, Miss Sharpley, Miss M. E. Willshaw, Miss M. Daniels, Anonymous, "An Old Reader of THE

QUIVER," Miss Straughan, Miss G. Jermyn, Mrs. M. Bath, Miss Goodgames, E. Jackson, Miss M. Morton, Miss Langlands, Miss Nunn, Mrs. MacPherson, A Few Friends (per F. A. B.), Mrs. J. H. Balfour, Miss Emily Batchelor, "A Constant Reader of THE QUIVER," Miss E. H. Sheppard, Miss M. Watson, Mrs. J. E. Senescall, "Seven Gay Bags for Our Soldiers," Miss Jeanie Wiseman, Caroline Smith, Mrs. D. C. Roberts, Miss Oliphant, Miss Stableforth, E. M. K. (Exeter), Miss Isobel L. Millar, Miss Bisset and Miss Ross, Miss Anderson, K. Anthony, Mrs. Smith, Miss Ellen Cecilia Brown, "A Constant Reader of THE QUIVER at Lytham," Annie H. Milne, Mrs. Gayer, Mrs. John Beaumont, Isabella Mailer, Miss Heron, Miss A. Thailor, Miss Simmons, Mrs. MacLean, the Misses Hewitt, Miss Mayo, "A Sympathiser," Miss Jovee, Miss Maunders, A. M. Cann, Mrs. C. Heslop, "A Reader of THE QUIVER," (Helensburgh), "A Reader of THE QUIVER," Miss M. J. Pasley, Miss Rankin, Miss A. S. Bell, "From Cousins" (Corfe Castle), Mrs. Mills and Miss Blackley, S. Blundell, Miss Caroline Allan, Mrs. Corlett, Mrs. Brencley, Mrs. Alfred J. Herring, A. Logan, Miss Wright, Miss E. J. Anwell, E. Clark, Miss Bessie Adam, Miss Bridgland, G. Walker, A. L. Barker, Mrs. F. R. Fenwick, Mrs. J. Hawking, Mrs. A. W. Walter, Mrs. R. W. Oldershaw, Mrs. C. K. Morrison, Miss Edith Cunningham, G. N. Stearn, M. R. Stuttle, Mrs. Margaret Cairns, Mrs. Rickaby, Mrs. Hyde, L. H. Quill, George F. Gay, Miss Greenall, Mrs. Fox-Thomas, Miss Tancock, Mrs. McCann, Muriel Callard, Mrs. Saunders, Mrs. C. M. Brunker, Miss Marshall, Miss Mary Ashford, "A Reader of THE QUIVER," Miss Rogers, Mrs. McIntosh, E. A. Archer, Miss Patterson, "Mattle," Mrs. Turnbull, Miss E. Wilson, Mrs. Richardson, Mrs. W. M. M'Avoy, Miss Ochiltree, Ferguson, A. F. Young, Mrs. Alex. Marshall, Mrs. Arthur Clayden, Hettie Prue, Sheila Downey, Miss A. Thallon, M. Graham Hogg, Dora Le Cher Stevenson, J. M. Turner, Miss Watt, Miss M. Sloan, Miss C. Erskine, Mrs. Howells, Miss F. E. Robertshaw, "An Old Lady, aged 82" (Dorset), Miss K. Rix, Miss Dorothy Bax, Mrs. Grieve, Miss H. Burcham, Miss Margaret A. Shout, M. Oliver, Mrs. Allan (Edinburgh), Mary Louie, Miss Smoothey, Mrs. Gregoe, K. L. Nash, "H. E. M." (Southampton), C. Stannard, Miss Woodhouse, "N. S." (Havant), Adela Price, Mrs. Elgar, "M. J."

Many letters, etc., are held over till next month owing to want of space.

May I ask correspondents kindly to sign their names very distinctly and to put Mr., Mrs. or Miss or any other title in order to assist us in sending an accurate acknowledgment?

Yours sincerely,

BELLA SIDNEY WOOLF
(MRS. R. H. LOCK).

All letters, gifts of money for St. Dunstan's Hostel for Blinded Soldiers and Sailors, silver and gold oddments for the Silver Thimble Fund, or kid gloves and fur for the Glove-Waistcoat Fund, should be sent to Mrs. R. H. Lock, QUIVER Offices, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4. Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to Cassell and Co., Limited.



FADELESS DURO FABRICS
(TRADE MARK)

**Charming and economical washing fabrics
sold with the Guarantee: "Garment replaced if
colour fades"**

Duro Cambric

31"—for smart frocks
and blouses—a
dressy material in
novel stripes and fine
line checks, also in
plain white.

Duro Zephyr

31"—a beautiful fine
soft cloth for ladies
and children, in
plain colours,
stripes, checks and
two tone effects.

Duro Suiting

28"—for coats and
skirts—a novel
check material in a
range of colours and
in plain white.

**Duro
Shirtings**

for the men's Trade
—and Duro Shirts—
are in very varied
choice in Oxfords,
Zephyrs and
Fancies.

For the smartest of costumes,
the prettiest of frocks—for
yourself or the children—or
for the dress and overall that
must defy wash and wear—you
now find everything you
can want in these *absolutely*
fadeless cloths.

Production is restricted and the cost of
manufacture is increasing. You will be
well advised to ask your draper *at once*
to show you the Duro cloths.

Dyers and Manufacturers:—

BURGESS, LEDWARD & CO. LTD.

Ask your draper, or write for patterns and name
of retailer to Room 33, British Textile Syndicate,
Waterloo Buildings, Piccadilly, Manchester.

Duro Pique

40"—very smart and
economical with soft
velour finish, in
white grounds with
coloured stripes and
all white.

Duro Gingham

40"—for nurses' and
general wear in a
splendid range of
plain colours, also
in stripes & checks.

Duro Burward

28"—a beautiful
mercerised cloth for
very smart cos-
tumes, in a range
of shades.

**Duro
Rainproofs**

28" and 54". The
Raincoatings are in
a variety of weaves
and in a range of
shades. Thoroughly
proofed.



Mellin's Food

**The Nearest
to Nature's Food.**

Give Baby Mellin's and watch the progress.

Send your name and address, and you will receive a Sample of Mellin's Food and valuable Handbook for Mothers on "How to Feed the Baby," Free.

Address: MELLIN'S FOOD, LTD.,
PECKHAM, S.E.

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Table and House Linen,
Handkerchiefs, Shirts and
Collars at MAKERS' PRICES.

Write for samples and Price List, sent post free.

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For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.

Goddard's Plate Powder

Sold everywhere 6d 1¹/₂ 2¹/₂ & 4¹/₂.

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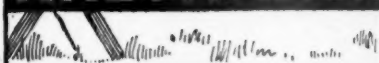
**TO MAKE YOU FEEL FIT AND WELL
TAKE SALVIS IN THE MORNING**

Just half a Teaspoonful in a Tumblerful of water every morning and you will keep in a perfect state of health. Sold in 1/6 packets at all Boots Chemists Branches, or Post Free for 18 stamps from

THE SALVIS CO.,
10 KING WILLIAM ST., BLACKBURN.
Also from leading Chemists.

SALVIS is the natural remedy for those who suffer from Liver, Kidney, Stomach, and War-bread Disorders, and is especially valuable in cases of Lumbago, Obesity, Sciatica, Neuritis, Gouty Eczema, Indigestion, Chronic Constipation, Gout and

RHEUMATISM



Don't
Worry
About
Butter or
Margarine

Eat
Laitova
Lemon Cheese

*The Daily spread for the
Children's bread.*

Try a jar to-day and send one to your boy at the front.

Your Grocer sells it in hygienic jars.

SUTCLIFFE & BINGHAM, Ltd., Manchester.

B103

Section for Younger Readers

Conducted by "DAPHNE"

OUR NEW STORY COMPETITION

I AM glad to say that we have had a much better entry for the competitions this month. The Literary Competition especially appears to have been a very popular one, and I have received many excellent essays from various readers.

"New Year Resolutions"

The prize is awarded to C. WHITEHEAD for a delightful story-essay which I have contrived to find room to print. This competitor has been successful in the literary competitions before, and her work is always high up on the list. If she perseveres with her writing she should do well with it some day.

The work of the following competitors is highly commended:

Winifred K. Coldwell, Ruth P. Morgan, Elinor Lavinia Jones, Hilda Holland, Joey Penn, Leslie R. H. Chapman, Jo Shercliff, Christian Milne, Janet Smith, Kathleen Stafford, Helen Mackenzie, Mildred Brooks, Helen Rose, Dorothy Davison, Winifred M. Holloway, Lorraine Harvey, Annie Bagnall, Margaret E. Drake, Winifred Mary Yates, Margaret E. Emerson, Esterel Beauchamp, Perronelle Chevallier, Helen Smethurst, Joan E. L. Coryton, Alec F. Snaith, G. M. Harrington, Doris Hobrow, Margaret Mutter, Olive Flower.

The Prize Essay

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS

"If you want to get there, you must start the day before." Such was Father Time's advice to the Idler when she asked him what was the proper way to make New Year Resolutions. She wanted an explanation, but as he refused to open his mouth again she had to sit down and think it out for herself. She reached the right conclusion in the end because she was really very wise, though idle: she remembered that in old days she had always lived through the last few weeks of the year rather carelessly, because of course it was not worth while to turn over a new leaf with the end of the year so near. She preferred to make her resolutions on New Year's Eve, and start fresh on the first of January.

It was the expression "start the day before" which gave her to think.

It was the day before when Father Time made his enigmatical remark, so she supposed that she had better be starting. To the detriment of the glorious idleness which she had intended to enjoy whilst the clock ticked out the hours of that last day she went all round her house and examined things.

She tore up old papers, she mended clothes and curtains and carpets, and everything else which could

be mended, she swept out all the corners and cupboards which she had always intended to do "some day," she sorted accumulations of odds and ends, and she put everything she could find into its proper place. She even did her ordinary everyday duties, in spite of the grand tidy-up which she was having.

When evening came the house looked as if she had made her resolutions already.

Then she went to bed.

This was more wonderful than it sounds, because everyone else was sitting up to see the New Year in. She had a sort of inkling that she would be late in the morning if she did that, because she never was very good at getting up.

Before she went to bed she made her resolutions, but she did not tell anybody what they were; somehow she knew that they would be easier to keep if no one reminded her of them.

When morning broke the joy-bells were ringing, and her house was clean and tidy, all ready to begin life anew, but Father Time only said: "Don't forget that you needn't wait till next year to make another fresh start."

C. WHITEHEAD.

The Photograph Competition

There were some very good entries sent in for this competition. Indeed, considering the difficulty of getting good photographs at this time of the year, the results obtained were really excellent. The prize is awarded to IRENE H. BLANCHARD.

Highly commended:

J. Packham, R. H. Bailey, Elsie Draper, Ada May Tutton, E. M. Vincent, "I. I.," Vera Grimes, Margaret A. Wilson, Eric J. Neill, Christian Milne, Isabel R. Neill, R. Forty.

Our New Story Competition

This is the month, you will remember, of our Grand New Story Competition. The Editor is giving a special prize of Two Guineas for the best story received at this office by April 20th, 1918. Stories may be on any subject, but they must not exceed 2,000 words in length. They must be the original work of the sender, and must be certified as such upon the MS. by the competitor. Competitors may have their stories criticised if they wish, upon payment of the usual fee of 1s. All stories for criticism must be accompanied by stamped envelopes for their return. Critiques will be sent out as soon as possible after the judging of the stories is finished, but if there is a large entry this may take some time, and com-

THE QUIVER

petitors are requested not to be impatient if their MSS. are not returned for several weeks.

Artists' Competition

The Editor is also offering a prize of Half a Guinea for the best design in black-and-white for a tail-piece for the Younger Readers' Section. You know the kind of thing—a cherub blowing a trumpet in a flower-border arrangement of some variety of flower that never was on land or sea, or a mermaid in a maze, or some other decorative anomaly. All entries must of course be original, and must not have been copied from any other design.

Rules for Competitors

1. All work must be original and must be certified as such by the competitor. In the case of literary competitions work must be written upon one side of the paper only.
2. The competitor's name, age and address must be clearly written upon each entry—not enclosed upon a separate piece of paper. All loose pages must be pinned together.
3. No entry can be returned unless accompanied by a fully stamped and directed envelope, large enough to contain it. Stamps unaccompanied by envelopes are insufficient.
4. All entries must be received at this office by April 20th, 1918. They should be addressed, "Competitions," THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4.

The Correspondence Column

ETHEL, aged 19, would like to correspond with a girl-reader, a lonely soldier or a sailor. Advertiser is an outdoor girl, fond of games, animals and photography. She also loves books and music.

Will a Welsh girl, living in North Wales, preferably Carnarvonshire, write to a QUIVER reader of 18? Advertiser particularly wants a Welsh girl of about 14 or 15 for a letter-friend. One who collects stamps if possible.—CYMRU AM BYTH.

EMILY ADAMS would like to correspond with readers of either sex, either home or abroad, of about 18 years of age.

MARY, a girl-student of 20, would like to write to an educated woman of about 40. She is interested in nearly everything, but sometimes she is rather lonely, and would very much appreciate correspondence with someone older than herself.

MEG would like correspondents of about 30 years of age.

Readers who are interested in stamp-collecting, and who would be willing to exchange stamps, are asked to write to SYLVIA COOLIDGE.

Wanted, a girl-friend of about 20 or over, for a Lancashire girl. Advertiser is a tailoress by trade, and a Sunday School teacher, and is very fond of reading and fancy work. She is very anxious to find a girl-friend.—EDNA PICKUP.

Lady clerk in a shipping line office, 20 years of age, would like pen-friends of either sex. She is fond of books, needlework and outdoor life. Please write to MINNIE RICHARDSON.

PADDY, 13½, very much wants to find a letter-friend. She has no brothers or sisters of her own. She is especially interested in anything connected

with books, curios, dancing and cinemas, and is a keen hobbyist.

A reader wants a pen-friend, preferably a French boy or girl, but one who could write to her in English. She is interested in music, French, cricket, singing, dancing, cycling and gardening.—ELSIE BRISTOW.

LINDO wants to find a letter-friend. She is 26 years of age, an invalid, and very fond of books and music.

A correspondent who knows Latin is wanted by a boy of 17, who is very interested in that language, also in botany, zoology, entomology, astronomy, geology, medicine, chess, photography, poetry and many other things. Please write to EUGENE.

Rules for Answering Advertisements

1. All letters must be sent under cover to "DAPHNE," THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4.
2. Letters to be forwarded must be sufficiently stamped, except in the case of readers living abroad, and the names of the advertisers for whom they are intended must be written upon separate slips of paper and pinned to the envelopes. Nothing should be written upon the envelopes themselves.
3. All readers replying to advertisements should give their real names and addresses, and after the first letter has been forwarded no other letters may be addressed to this office.

NO MORE ADVERTISEMENTS CAN BE ACCEPTED.

In a very short time I hope to be ready for fresh lists of books, and new suggestions for making our corner of the magazine attractive. So if any of you have any brilliant ideas on the subject, send them along to me, won't you?

Yours sincerely, DAPHNE.



A Winter Scene.

Prize Photo by Irene Blanchard.

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN



The 85,000th Admission

Day by day the Homes answer the cry of destitute childhood. For half a century they have listened; for half a century they have kept their Ever Open Doors. Up and down the country, in village and town alike, they have maintained their Charter: "NO DESTITUTE CHILD EVER REFUSED ADMISSION"; and during that long labour they have rescued over

85,000 little souls and endeavoured to bring them to a real knowledge of Christ, the Saviour. So long as children suffer and are in need, so long will Barnardo's strive. "It is not the will of your Father which is in Heaven that one of these little ones should perish."

WILL YOU SEND £10 FOR FOOD?

Give yourself the joy of feeling that you are providing for the food of at least 9 Orphan Children for a month.

* Cheques and Orders payable "DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES FOOD BILL FUND," and crossed, may be addressed to the Honorary Director, WILLIAM BAKER, M.A., LL.B., DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES, 18 to 26 STEPNEY CAUSEWAY, LONDON, E.1.

PLEASE MENTION "THE QUIVER," APRIL, 1918, WHEN REMITTING.

SPRING MEDICINE

Coventry, Nov. 26, 1917.
"Kindly forward me two tins of your wonderful laxative—Chocoloids."

(The original is at our offices.)

THE time has arrived when the bowels, in order to meet the change of season, must be in thorough working order. The system is recovering from the heavy winter diet and the effect of dark days. This change, unless the body is capable of dealing with the new order of things, produces pimples, headaches, dizziness, etc. If your blood is pure, you will not be troubled this Spring.

You can be sure of pure blood if you purify the bowels by taking

Chocoloids^{Regd}

The Cure for Constipation

Chocoloids are entirely herbal in composition, and are safe, sure but not hurtful to delicate constitutions.

Send a Tin to the Front, because Chocoloids take the place of natural laxatives (vegetables, etc.).
Price 2/6 per box of 10 Tablets; sample box 1/3 (24 Tablets), from all Chemists, or post free from



THE CHOCOLOID CO.,
Dept. M,
Stirchley Laboratories,
Birmingham.



GOOD-BYE

TO
HEADACHE, COLIC IN THE HEAD
TO CATARRH, HAY FEVER,
DIZZINESS OR FAINTNESS

thanks to

DR. MACKENZIE'S SMELLING BOTTLE.

THE FINEST CURE FOR THESE
DISTRESSING AILMENTS.



Of all Chemists and Stores, 1/3, or post free 1/6 from
DR. MACKENZIE'S LABORATORY, CASTLE ST., READING,
LABORATORIES LTD

The proof of the polish
is in the using.

That is why

RONUK

is in the front rank

For FURNITURE
FLOORS
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One and the same!

OBTAINABLE
EVERYWHERE
Large Size Bottle

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NEWMAN'S FORTREVIVER LIQUEUR TONIC

Should you find
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THE
PICTURE
OF
HEALTH

HER MOTHER SAYS

"I thought you might like to see my little girl's photo. She is just three years old. Since she was a baby of four months I have given her Steedman's Powders, and I always found them not only cooling, but cleansing and refreshing. I used to give them on the same day each week, and if I happened to miss, she was cross and fretful. She cut all her teeth without my knowing, thanks to those priceless powders."

Tottenham, Sept. 29th, 1913.

THESE POWDERS CONTAIN

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NO POISON.

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G. BRANDAUER & Co., Ltd. CIRCULAR-POINTED PENS.

SEVEN PRIZE
MEDALS.



Neither Scratch
nor Spurt.

Attention is
also drawn to the
**NEW PATENT
ANTI-BLOTTING
PENS.** Sample Box of
either series, 7d.

Works: BIRMINGHAM.

WHOLESALE WAREHOUSE: 124 NEWGATE STREET, LONDON.

HERE'S A SHOE OF SERVICE

FOR HEAVIER
WEATHER DAYS.

FIVE
SHOE
for Ladies.



21/-
per pair.

Famed for Durability, Style and Comfort.
It's a Shoe that's sure to satisfy the wearer.

Made from reliable Black Box Calf Leather. Stout walking Sole. Low Heel. Send size (or draw outline of foot) and P.O. Carr. Post.

Illustrated Catalogue free on request.

A. T. HOGG (No. 169), STRATHMORE, FIFE.
The Pioneer and Leader of the "Boots-by-Post" Trade.

EGGS FOR THE MEATLESS DAYS

Some Timely Hints

By **BLANCHE ST. CLAIR**

MOST housewives are at their wits' end to find substitutes for the meat that has now dwindled to such a small quantity under the new rations. Naturally enough, we turn to the egg. An egg is, as everyone knows, one of the most valuable, nourishing, and economical of foods. It is almost unique in character, for few other comestibles (which constitute in themselves a perfect meal) can be served either in an entirely raw state or be converted into quite an elaborate dish with but a few minutes devoted to preparation and cooking.

As is, however, so often the case, the less trouble that is required the less trouble is bestowed upon the operation in question, and literally millions of eggs must be wasted every year just because it is not considered necessary to take that small amount of care in cooking and serving them.

To Poach an Egg Satisfactorily

Take, for instance, a poached egg. In one house the egg is sent to table flattened out, watery, and insipid, whilst in another a golden yolk reposes on a thick symmetrical circle of firm creamy white, and provides a dish not to be surpassed for daintiness and nutrition.

The old-fashioned tin egg-poacher is not the best instrument to use, for unless it happens to be in a good humour (and all housewives will bear me out that our cooking utensils have moods) it either sticks or opens suddenly, or the yolk elects to cling to the side of the poacher and consequently breaks when the top is lifted, or some other catastrophe happens at the most critical moment, which spells inevitable ruin of both egg and temper. It is much safer and more satisfactory to use a greased gallipot or cup, and to stand this in a saucepan of boiling water until the egg is sufficiently cooked. This method also does away with the possibility of spoiling the rice or toast on which the cooked egg is served. The gallipot must be well greased, so that the egg will

slide on to the bed with but the slightest assistance from a knife blade. Eggs poached in this way can also be cooked in the oven, and never forget to sprinkle them with salt and pepper before (not after, as is usually the way) they are cooked.

When frying eggs trouble is generally caused by the spluttering of the hot fat. This can be avoided by sifting a little flour into the pan before the egg is added. If the consumer of the fried egg likes a well-set yolk it is a good plan to turn the egg over with a floured fish slice as soon as the under side has set. The result is an egg delicately crisp and golden brown on both sides, instead of one side being burnt and hard as is generally the case.

Scrambled Eggs

It is a matter of taste whether scrambled eggs should be rocky or merely custardy, the different effects being achieved by either simply breaking the eggs direct into a well-greased saucepan and stirring them whilst they are cooking, or beating them to a froth with the addition of a small quantity of milk before they are turned into the saucepan. In either case scrambled, as well as poached eggs, are invariably served on a bed of carefully boiled and drained rice instead of the buttered toast of pre-war days.

The favourite Continental egg dish, an omelette, requires both practice and dexterity, in addition to a proper omelette pan and turner. The subject is too expansive to be dealt with in a general article, but I may mention in passing that given a plentiful supply of new-laid eggs and butter for frying there are few more economical ways of providing delicious and varied dishes.

Recipes for cooking eggs are to be found in every cookery book, but perhaps the following methods, which are a little out of the ordinary, will be new and useful to my readers.

Egg Soup

Cut two carrots and one small onion into

THE QUIVER

slices, and boil till tender in salted water. Drain and add to them six breakfastcupfuls of boiling stock. Beat three new-laid eggs, and pour them into a well-heated tureen. Pour the boiling soup over, season with salt and pepper, and serve very quickly.

Egg Pie

This is a substantial dish for a meatless dinner. Grease a pie-dish, and line it with crushed crumbs. Cover with a layer of mashed potatoes, then break as many eggs as are required on to the potatoes. Sprinkle lightly with chopped capers or gherkins, salt and pepper, then add another layer of potatoes, and finally a few more crumbs. Place some bits of margarine on top, and bake for fifteen to twenty minutes in a hot oven.

Sausage Eggs

By using hard-boiled eggs as a foundation very little meat is needed for this dish, and if the fat for frying is placed in a small saucepan (not in a frying-pan, which exposes a large surface and consequent waste) a small amount of dripping will suffice for the cooking.

Allow 1 egg and about 1½ oz. of sausage or other minced meat per person. Boil the eggs for ten minutes, then drop into cold water, and after two or three minutes remove the shells. Sprinkle the surface with flour, and coat each egg with a thin layer of meat. Roll in beaten egg and crushed oatmeal, and fry in boiling fat. When golden brown drain carefully and serve on a bed of boiled rice, with a little thick gravy handed separately. Many cooks waste quite a lot of frying fat by not being careful to drain the fish or whatever they are cooking. A rissole, for instance, should be lifted out of the fat with a fish slice and fork, and held over the pan until every particle of fat has drained away. This not only effects a great saving in the fat, which is nowadays so precious, but also ensures the rissole, etc., being sent to table crisp and dry instead of soft and fat sodden.

Indian Eggs

Take a small slice from each end of some hard-boiled shelled eggs, and cut them into halves. Remove the yolks and mix them thoroughly with a little margarine, curry powder, and anchovy sauce, well blended

together. Line a glass dish with freshly gathered watercress, and stand the eggs in the cresses.

Preserving Eggs

I hope I shall not be accused of inciting to hoard when I advise my readers, especially those who are fortunate enough to have fowls, to reserve a liberal proportion of the eggs for winter use. None but those who do this regularly realise the inestimable benefit of having an egg-pan from which to draw, carefully, as the necessity arises.

Quite a lot of people who had never before preserved eggs did so for the first time last spring, and I think many more would have done so had not there been a difficulty in obtaining water-glass with which to make the preserving pickle. This method is by no means the only way of keeping eggs, but it is certainly the most popular by reason of its extreme simplicity. Full directions are given on the tins (purchased from the chemist), and the only other necessary adjuncts are a crock and a lid. The former should be deep and have straight sides, i.e. it should not be the kind of crock that widens at the top, for this causes the water-glass to evaporate, and it is difficult to arrange the eggs in a receptacle that has shelving sides. The jar should be placed where it is to permanently stand before the eggs are arranged in it, but as water-glass is not affected by temperature, any convenient corner in the larder will suffice.

It is possible that water-glass may be unobtainable, and we shall have to revert to the older methods employed by farmers' wives before such modern "new-fangled notions" were invented.

Salt.—Place a thick layer of dry salt in a deep crock which has a glazed lining. In this arrange a layer of eggs standing round end uppermost. The eggs must not touch each other. Cover and fill up the interstices with more dry salt. Continue until the crock is full, then arrange a final thick layer of salt, put on the cover and paste a strip of brown paper round to completely exclude the air. The crock must be kept in a very dry place. The jar need not be filled at once, but the eggs added from time to time, as convenient, but in order that this method of preserving shall have the desired result it is imperative that the salt remain dry and crisp.

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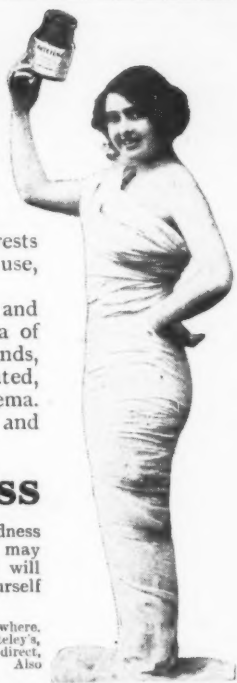
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By JOAN.

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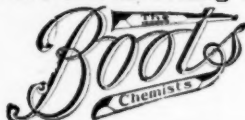


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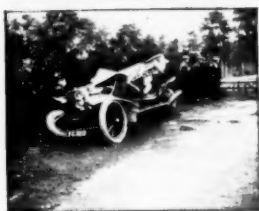
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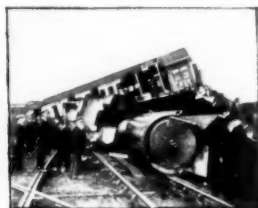
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